GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE No. 13 $1.25

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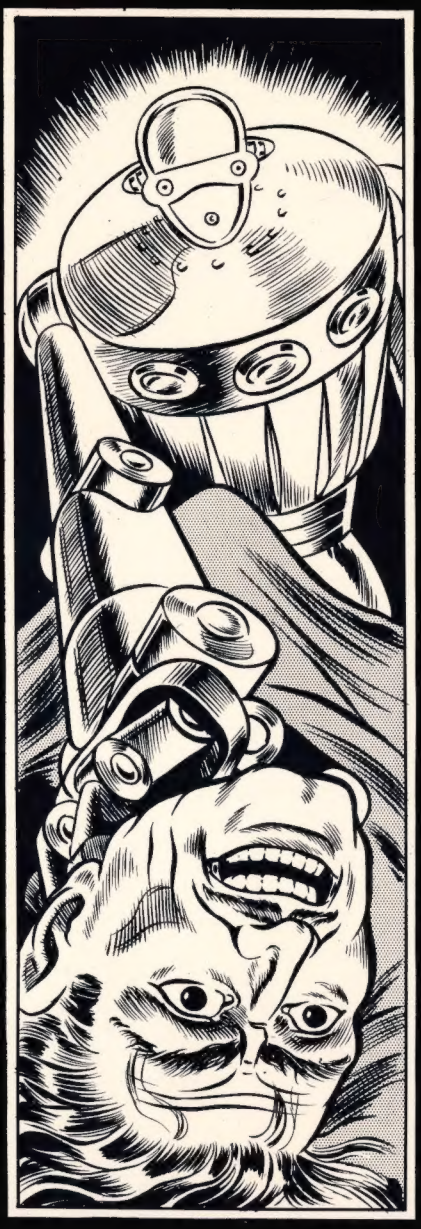
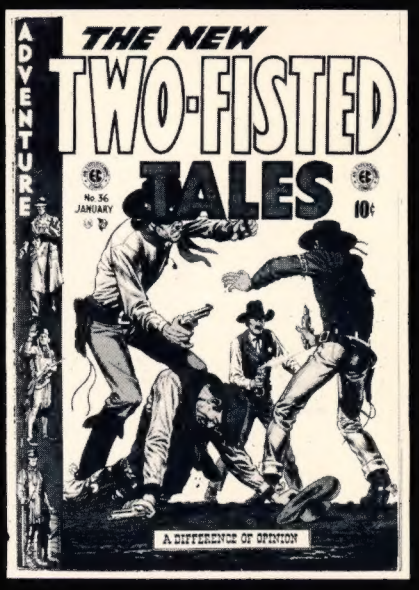
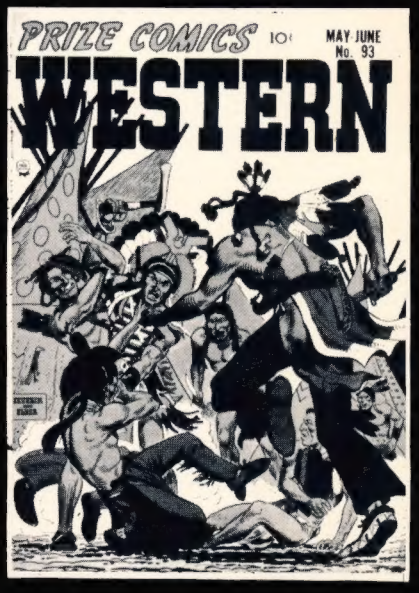
"Mal-ig"
"War Machine"
Interview with JOHN SEVERIN







You must fight for what you BELIEVE IN!
BUT I BELIEVE IN PEACE!
But some people don't, so they'll step on you and squash you like flies!
THEY WON'T HURT US IF WE DON'T RESIST THEM!
I wish you could see the folly of your reasoning!
I WISH YOU COULD SEE THE FOLLY OF YOUR OWN!
I FIGHT TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF ALL PEOPLE, INCLUDING YOURS, UNFORTUNATELY
IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULD HAVE NO RIGHTS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO SIT THERE AND PROTEST MY ACTIONS! BUT I FIGHT TO PROTECT YOUR RIGHT TO DO THAT! I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET OFF OF YOUR UNGRATEFUL ASS AND MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE PROTECTION OF LIBERTY!
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. I JUST WANT PEACE.....
WELL GODDAMMIT I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY UNTIL YOU EARN IT!
SPLAT!

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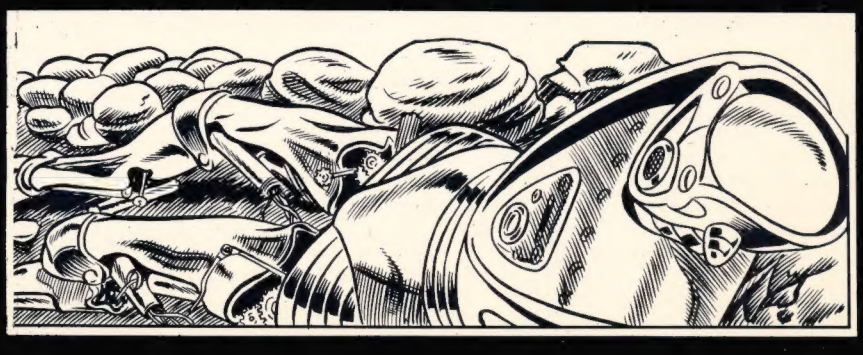

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE No.13. SPRING, 1971. PUBLISHED AT 4878 GRANADA STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90042 U.S.A. BILL SPICER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER; RICHARD KYLE, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE 4 ISSUES FOR $4 OR 5 FOR $5; SINGLE COPIES, $1.25. SORRY, THERE ARE NO BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE.
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Hames Ware
818 West 20th Avenue
Pine Bluff, Arkansas 71601

The Will Gould issue is more than an excellent interview -- it is a motion picture of words that captures an era and a man who helped make it.

I wish Roy Thomas wouldn't get so irate every time someone expresses less than adulation for Jack Kirby's present work. Surely a few small voices of disagreement can be tolerated, even if their opinions are "wrong" as Thomas asserts.

The late Wendell Crowley told me "Though he sometimes gets killed by the inking, Kirby's pencils are masterpieces. They should be hung in a museum. They're that good."

I think everyone who's ever had the privilege of seeing Kirby's pencils or the artist at work acknowledges his genius. If the professionals say Jack Kirby is king then he is king.

I would hope, though, that Roy would concede that the king of the realm need not always be the favorite of all the realm as well.

I'd like to correct a few errors in my last letter. There were some errors that were not mine, grammatical as well as factual. The "Rocky X" artist was, of course, a Wood-type -- not a Davis-type artist. Though I haven't any of these comics, this may have been by Hy Fleishman whose style did resemble Wood's and who did work at Lev Gleason for a time. It seems to me that Ken Landau once did this feature, too.

Next: the statement that the art at CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED was good. Collectively the art at CLASSICS was pretty dismal, but when I think of the good art done there I think particularly of Norman Nodel and Lou Cameron. Cameron's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the masterpiece of the entire line, in my opinion. Incidentally, Cameron left the drawing board for a writing table and is now a well-published author.

I often think about all that CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED could have been. If I had been art director, here are some examples of artists I would have hired for particular issues: ROBIN HOOD, Lou Fine; ALICE IN WONDERLAND, Walt Kelly; FRANKENSTEIN, Graham Ingels; JUNGLE BOOK, Frank Frazetta; TREASURE ISLAND, Reed Crandall; ARABIAN NIGHTS, Jack Cole; MOBY DICK, Bernard Krigstein; SHERLOCK HOLMES, Will Eisner and Jerry Grandenetti.

The WHO'S WHO OF COMIC BOOK ARTISTS that Jerry Bails and I have been working on over the past few years is coming along beautifully, and we are considering broadening the project to include all comic book professionals--publishers, writers, editors and letterers. Since my last letter, written nearly a year ago, we've passed the 1,000-name goal we'd arbitrarily set, with the help of professionals like Wendell Crowley, Paul Gustavson, Jerry DeFuccio, Ray Osrin, Edd Ashe, and Orlando Busino. The great Gill Fox has been a tremendous help and just recently Jack Binder kindly made his shop files available to Jerry, giving valuable information about the enigmatic shop-work that makes art credits so difficult. Jerry has mailed out data forms to a number of professionals, and much more information should result.

Thanks to you we learned that the "Leopard Girl" artist was Nat Edson whose style is almost identical to another Gold Key artist, Tom Massey, who fellow WHO'S WHO collaborator Paul Leifer is interviewing by mail. Thanks to other helpful fans and pros, we've filled in a number of missing credits at Dell/GK. However, as Martin Williams pointed out in his letter in GSM #11, the comic book RAGGEDY ANN artist is not yet identified. For sure, it isn't Johnny Gruelle nor his brother Justin who did do some comic book work. Mike Barrier and I think we found a clue when we discovered the name "Bing" signed to an early Andy Panda feature with a similar style.

There are other artists who are as yet unidentified by us, and all those who think they might have information that would help us assure no comic book artist's name will be overlooked should write Jerry Bails at 487 Lakewood Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan 48215.

Some of the artists still unidentified by us are: "Clark Williams" -- a name used to designate the artist who drew a number of early Quality and Fiction House features, presumably under Iger. He drew The Red Bee in HIT COMICS #10-24, Spin Shaw in FEATURE #38-62, and Eagle Evans in POLICE #1-10. We'd also like to know who did Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" at Dell, the unsigned Fairy Tale Parade features, CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED #115, and of course the Raggedy Ann artist, and whether or not Henry Keifer is still alive.

As for the Jack Davis-type artist discussed in GSM #11's letter, I think this may be cleared up in the fine HISTORY Jim Steranko is producing. In a taped interview that Gill Fox, Klaus Nordling, Orlando Busino and Wayne Boring made for the WHO'S WHO, Steranko mentions that Bob Powell had sort of a small shop of which Howard Nostrand and Marvin Epp were members.

The Wolverton issue, like the artist himself, defies comment. Henry Steele, who must surely be Wolverton's greatest fan of longest standing, was an excellent choice to document Wolverton's work. If Henry doesn't own every comic with Basil's work, he has most of them -- as well as every Quality and Fiction House comic ever printed.

Wolverton may well be the only comic book artist who was on the other side of the mirror. Wendell Crowley once commented that Wolverton looked as if he'd drawn himself.

I hope the second Wolverton issue will carry some comment on what at first glance seems like an incongruous association with Herbert W. Armstrong's THE PLAIN TRUTH magazine. Also, in case it doesn't come out elsewhere, it should be noted that there was a passing similarity to Wolverton's style in the comic book work of Matt Fox.

:: The reference to "Rocky X" was editorially mistranslated, and came out mentioning a strip by a Wallace Wood-type artist instead of the intended Davis-style work of Howard Nostrand. Sorry about that one, Hames. My fault, not yours.

Phantom issues of CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED might also include these: ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, Alex Toth; THE VIRGINIAN and THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE, Severin & Elder, script and breakdowns by Harvey Kurtzman; KIT CARSON and DANIEL BOONE, Fred Harman; GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, C. C. Beck; WAR OF THE WORLDS, Basil Wolverton; HUCKLEBERRY FINN and THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, Harvey Kurtzman. Readers are invited to send in choices for their favorite phantom editions of CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED -- writers and artists who should have adapted and drawn the stories, but didn't. We'll print as many submissions as space permits in the next GSM letters section.

Mike Barrier
PO Box 5229 Brady Station
Little Rock, Ark. 72205

The Will Gould interview is full of good things, but I finished reading it with the feeling that I'd been told more about Gould than I really wanted to know, and not nearly enough about RED BARRY. He seems to have seized upon the interview as an opportunity to get his autobiography in print, and that being the case, it's fortunate that so much of his life has been tied up with cartooning. But I would gladly have foregone his reminiscenses about Jimmy Durante, Ed Sullivan and the Dempsey-Tunney fight in exchange for some more about RED BARRY, or even better, reproductions of the strip -- preferably a fairly long sequence. RED

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

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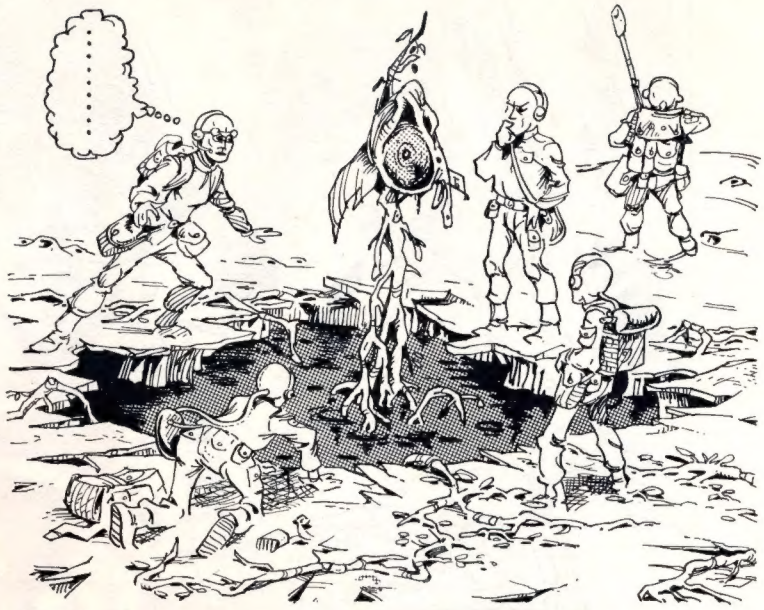

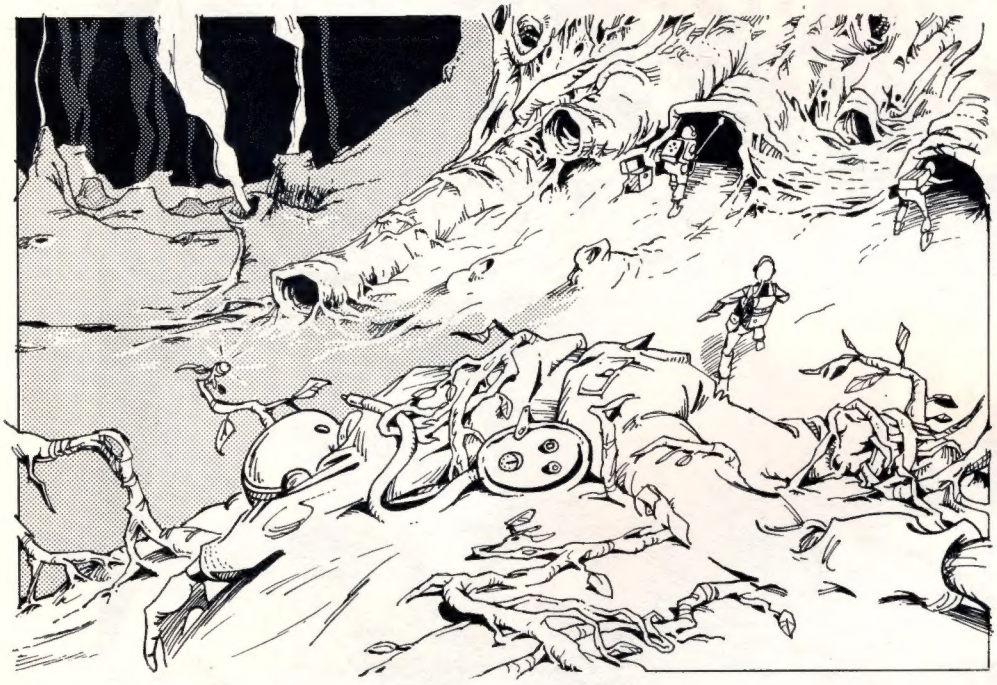

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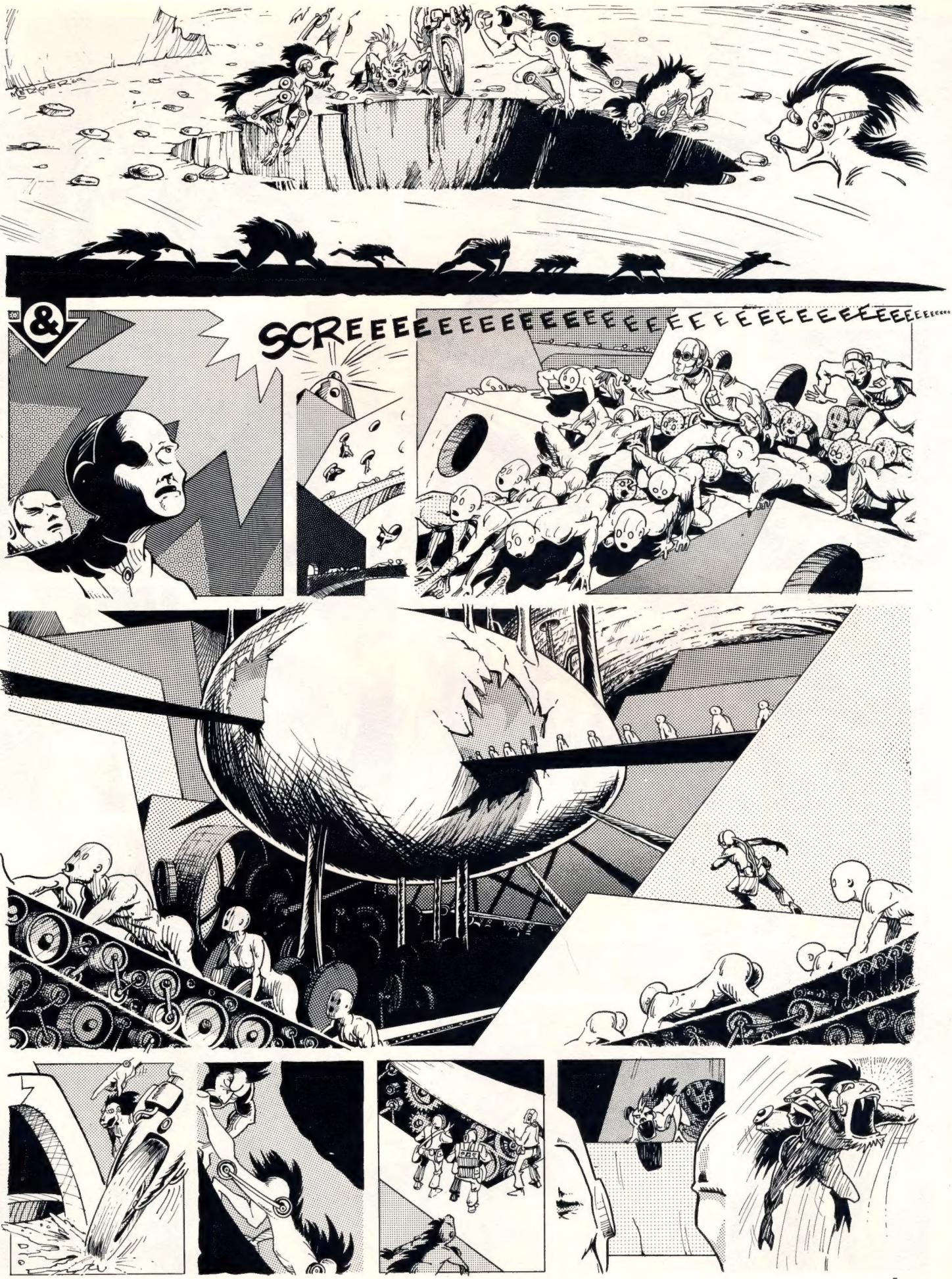
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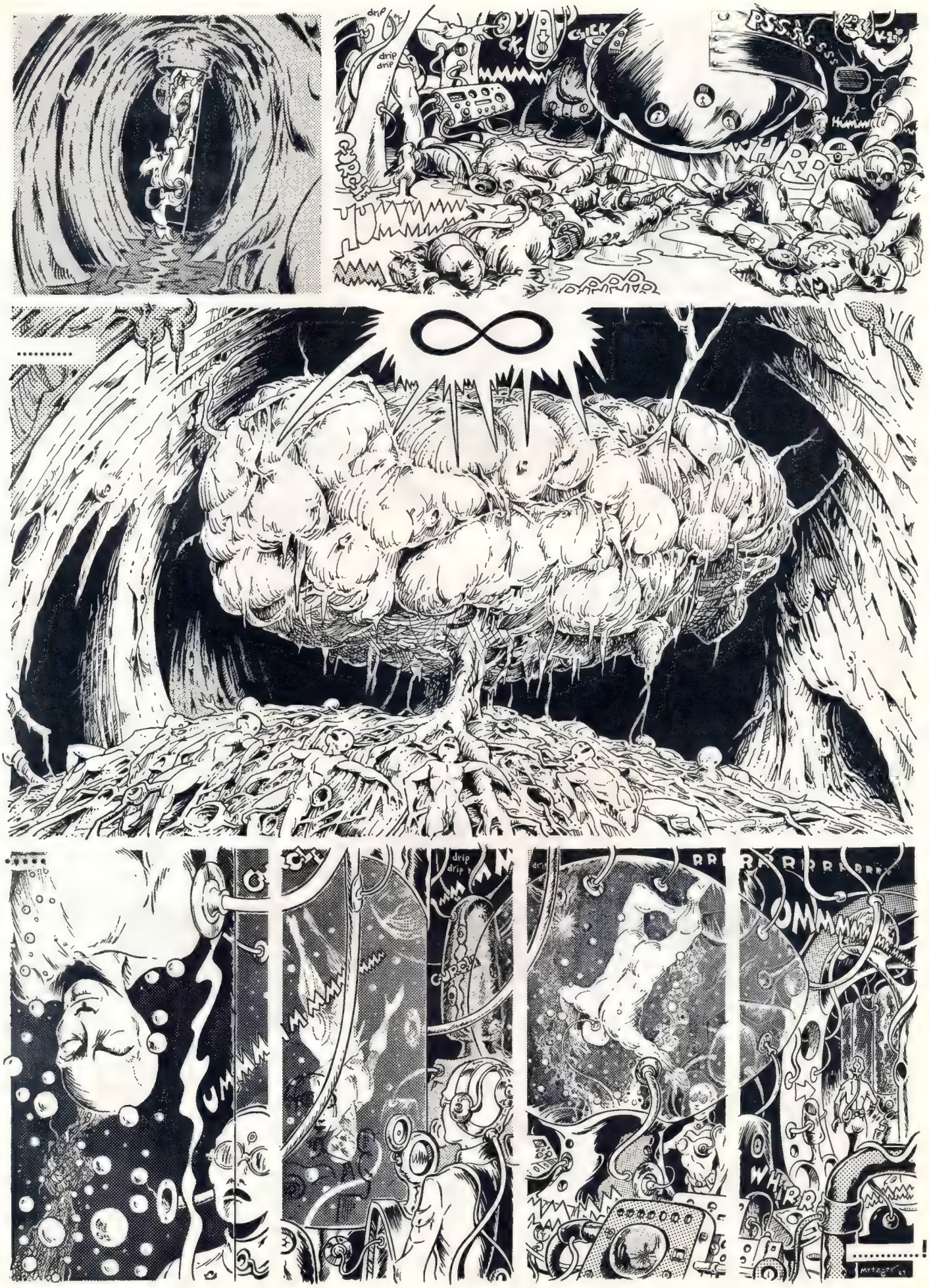
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BARRY simply isn't that well-known a strip today--it's mentioned only in passing, if at all, in the comic strip histories I've consulted--and I found myself wanting to be convinced of the strip's worth before devoting so much time to reading about Will Gould's young adulthood. Actually, there's quite a bit of space devoted to RED BARRY but it doesn't seem like a lot in comparison with the interview as a whole.

You accomplished a lot with the very handsome layouts, culling out and setting to one side a lot of the more flagrant irrelevancies, but even this can be self-defeating -- it's too easy to lose your train of thought when you're constantly cutting away from reading the interview proper to read an insert.

I liked what Gould says about "cartoonists" and "artists." The notion that drawing cartoons is easy and drawing in an illustrator's style is difficult is especially prevalent among young superhero fans. Drawing good cartoons is a heck of a lot harder than drawing mediocre illustrations -- like most adventure comic books -- even though the adventure stuff, as Gould says, is inevitably more time consuming.

Jim Harmon is right about why nothing really good is coming out of comic books today, although he has things a little turned around. There is little if any correlation between how much money an artist gets and the quality of his work. The greatest comic strips were produced at a time when most of the artists were hired hands and didn't own their own creations; the greatest comic books were also turned out by hired hands, for the most part, and at page rates far below those of today. Today's comic books and comic strips, with a very few exceptions, are dull and lifeless--not excluding those owned by their creators. It's not enough to blame syndicate editors; they're just reacting to conditions, and conditions have changed in ways adverse to the comics. What really matters is control over what goes into a comic strip or comic book. In the old days the artist-writers had it, or at least a lot more of it, and today the publishers and editors have almost all of it. The reason for this change goes back to what Harmon says: it's harder to get rich, especially in the comic book field. In the old days, with a host of comic book publishers and a booming market, there was always the chance that a new publisher could strike it rich if he had the right kind of comic at the right moment -- and that meant more freedom for artists and writers to tinker and experiment. When the market began to contract, the publishers and editors got scared and insisted on formula work. Something similar has probably happened in the comic strip field, although there it may be more a matter of protecting what they already have than of cutting their losses.

It's good to see a Richard Kyle column in this issue, especially one as fine as his first "Graphic Story World." I have never read a better critique of Wertham's work. Ironically, Wertham's own letter--by taking Alex Toth and the graphic story seriously, for a change--is an even more damning indictment of Wertham's undiscriminating work in the early Fifties. But I wonder if Wertham realizes that.

William F. Nolan
1337½ South Roxbury Drive
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

As the author of DASHIELL HAMMETT: A CASEBOOK, in which one of my chapters is devoted to the creation, characters and plot structure of SECRET AGENT X-9, I particularly appreciated Will Gould's personal reportage of the early background of the Hammett-created strip. And as the proud owner of a genuine RED BARRY Big Little Book, I savored his detailed recollections about the big redhead and his pals.

I'm 42. Don't tell anybody, but inside I'm still a 12-year-old kid. I grew up loving the old superhero comics, and became a writer-artist in the field for a brief period in the mid-'50s, working for Dell on the Disney mags out of Whitman Publishing Company. Mostly I functioned as writer, but all of the art in the "Why Birds Leave Home" story for the March-May 1955 issue of TWEETY AND SYLVESTER is based directly on my pencil rough drafts, and I also wrote the script to go with the drawings.

I began as an artist, and had a drawing of Hawkshaw the Detective printed in a local Kansas City paper at the age of 10. From there I won an all-city first prize for the best comic strip in a high school paper in 1944-45. And of course I had my own stable of cloaked and masked superheroes.

I worked at Hall Bros. as a greeting card cartoonist for awhile--ending up in California writing Mickey Mouse scripts for Dell in early 1954. In those days we gleefully and shamelessly borrowed from the classics in working out plots for The Mouse. One writer I knew, Charles Beaumont, put Mickey on a whaling ship with Captain Behab in search of the Great Blue Whale, and called him Moby Fred. Melville did a few rapid spins in the grave over that one. And, for the April-May 1956 issue of MICKEY MOUSE, I neatly transferred F. Scott Fitzgerald's THE DIAMOND AS BIG AS THE RITZ into a Mickey-Goofy adventure, "The Mystery of Diamond Mountain." I recall long, intensive story conferences with an editor called Alice Cobb over Goofy's motivations and character habits. It was all deadly serious stuff, and nobody laughed at Goofy.

Earlier on, when I had 500 "Golden Age" comics (complete mint runs of Batman, Superman, Captain Marvel, Human Torch, etc. -- all sold later for one-cent per issue, God help me!), I feverishly collected the marvelous slambang work of Simon & Kirby. And, among my few remaining comics from that period, I still have the first four issues of BOY COMMANDOS. Joe Simon and Jack Kirby were the golden boys of the Golden Age, in my opinion.

How about a Simon & Kirby issue -- complete with interviews, if possible, with both of these giants? Surely you can get Kirby, at least, since he's still in the thick of things. What a great collectors issue it would be, with stuff printed from the old S&K classics: Sandman, The Vision, Blue Bolt, Stuntman, The Fly, Captain America, The Guardian, Manhunter, Green Arrow... The mouth waters thinking of such an issue. And I know you'd sell out every copy.

A final question for your readers -- can any one of you aid me in locating a complete Simon & Kirby checklist? The only one I know about was printed in the amateur mag VALOR back in May of 1965, and it lacked many dates and other info I'd like to get.

Alan Hewetson
Box 2632 Station D
Ottawa, Canada

I knew nothing of Will Gould's background, although needless to say I am a great fan of RED BARRY. The issue was tremendous, and I simply can't heap enough praise on your shoulders for it. It was informative, complete, and very exciting.

Richard Kyle's "Graphic Story World" sorrowfully reminded me of Wertham and the copy of his SEDUCTION OF THE MYTHICAL STATE OF ADULTHOOD BY AN INNOCENT, which never leaves the side of my desk. It's propping up a leg. Besides, I have to butt my cigars on something that washes clean -- like water off a duck's back.

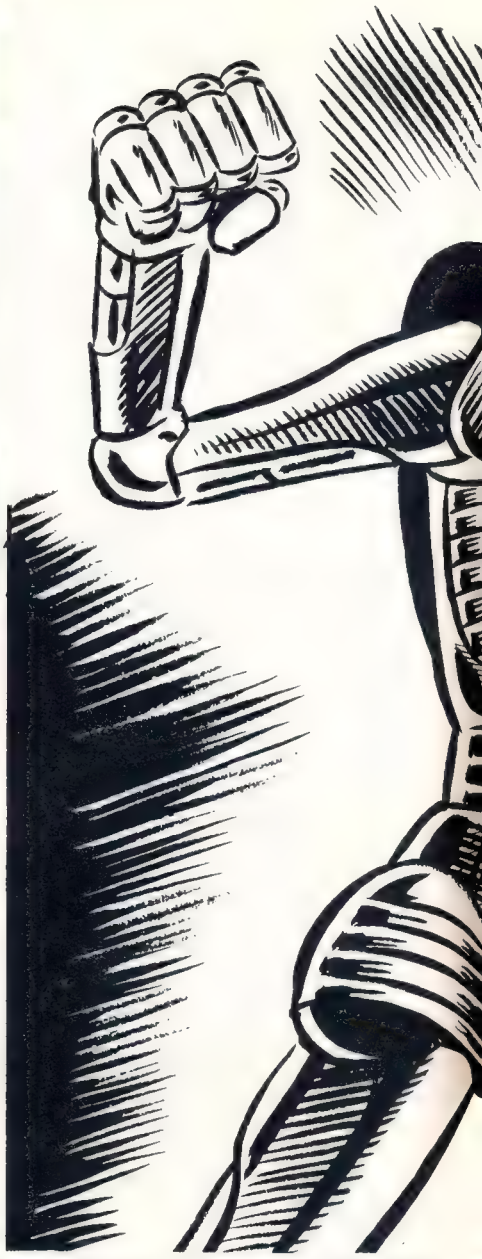
Richard's comments got me to wondering what would happen now, in 1971, if he pulled off the same trick. I don't know, things have changed quite a bit since then. At the time, this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

EANDO BINDER'S FAMOUS STORY

ADAM LINK'S VENGEANCE

DRAWN BY D. BRUCE BERRY
ADAPTED BY BILL SPICER



Few graphic stories have been as widely praised as Adam Link's Vengeance, and following its appearance in our first two issues, it received a graphic story "Academy Award." Since then, countless new readers have asked that we republish it. Based on a novella first printed in the '40s, adapted to the graphic story in the '60s, its theme belongs to today.

THE WORLD'S FIRST THINKING ROBOT WAS DYING -- AND THEN ADAM LINK WAS RECALLED MYSTERIOUSLY TO LIFE...

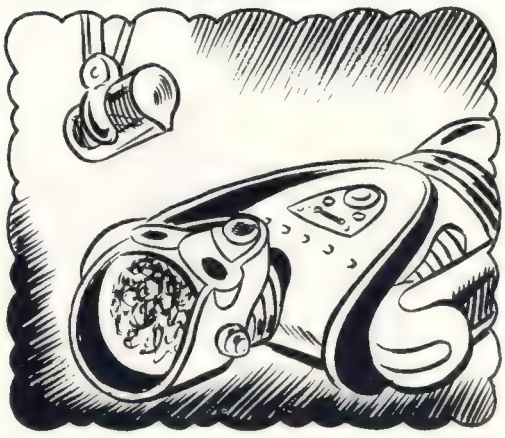
PART ONE:

THE REBIRTH OF ADAM LINK

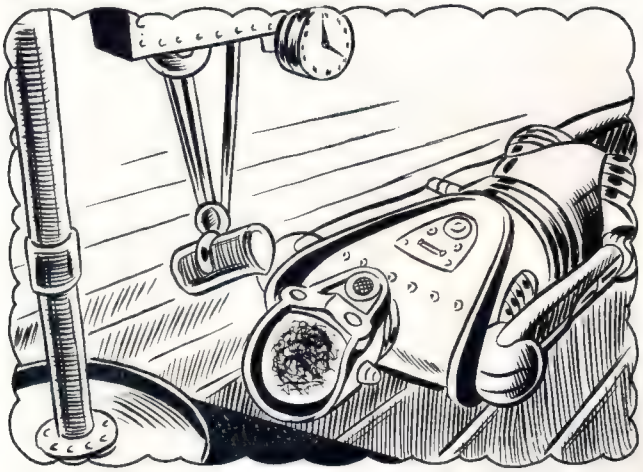
TO ANY OF YOU HUMANS COMMITTING SUICIDE, YOUR LAST THOUGHT MUST BE THAT DEATH IS AFTER ALL SO SWEET AND PEACEFUL AND DESIRABLE. AND TO BE BROUGHT BACK FROM VOLUNTARY DEATH AT THE LAST SECOND MUST BE A TERRIBLY PAINFUL EXPERIENCE...

SO IT WAS WITH ME, THOUGH I AM A ROBOT...

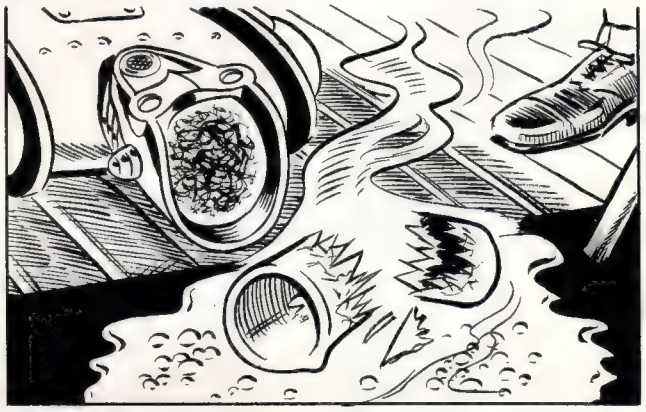
MY MIND BLINKED INTO CONSCIOUSNESS. FULL MEMORY FLOODED BACK-- WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO PREVENT MY DEATH? I HAD ALLOWED MY BATTERIES TO DRAIN, AND HAD LAIN MYSELF FLAT TO PASS INTO OBLIVION WITH THE LAST OF THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY...



OVER MY HEAD I HAD FIXED A TIMED CLOCK-WORK WHICH WOULD WITHIN AN HOUR TIP OVER A BEAKER OF STRONG ACID. I HAD REMOVED MY SKULL-PIECE SO THAT THE ACID WOULD BITE DEEPLY INTO MY IRIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN AND UTTERLY DESTROY IT...



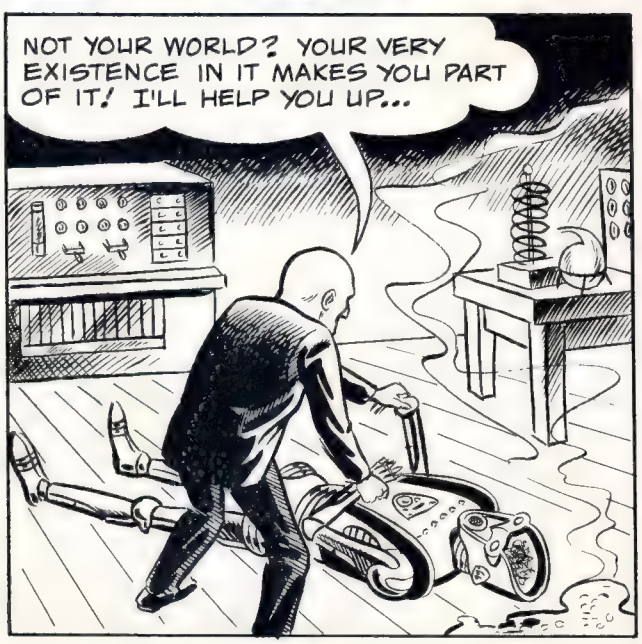
NOW I WAS ALIVE AGAIN, FEELING THE STRONG PULSE OF ELECTRICAL CURRENT SURGING THROUGH ME. AND THE ACID LAY SPATTERED OVER THE STONE FLOOR BEYOND, HISSING AND BUBBLING--SOMEONE HAD KNOCKED IT AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND--AND HAD RECONNECTED A BATTERY TO MY CENTRAL DISTRIBUTOR...



ALL THIS PASSED THROUGH MY MIND IN A SPLIT SECOND AFTER OPENING MY EYES. THEN I SAW MY SELF-APPOINTED RESCUER...

MY VOICE, IN HUMAN TERMS, WAS A GROAN...

That was the irrevocable decision I had come to, a month before, after leaving the world of men. Kay Temple had proved that to me--she made it clear that a robot mind, knowing of, but lacking the capacity for human love, must live only in a terrible, bitter loneliness. Think of yourself the only human being on MARS, among utterly alien beings--beings with intelligent minds, but strange bodies and strange customs. You would know true loneliness. I had fled to my secret retreat in the OZARK MOUNTAINS--but I could not escape myself--suicide was the only course left...



I NEEDED NO HELP, OF COURSE. I WAS NOT A STARVED, THIN, HAGGARD WOULD-BE SUICIDE. WITH ELECTRICAL CURRENT IN ME, I WAS IMMEDIATELY IN FULL POSSESSION OF MY POWERS. I AROSE, SHAKING OFF HIS HAND WITH A HALF-HUMAN PETULANCE AT HIS PRESENCE AND INTERFERENCE IN MY LIFE--OR DEATH...

I'M DR. **PAUL HILLORY.** SCIENTIST, RETIRED. I HAVE A SMALL SUMMER CABIN A MILE AWAY. I SAW YOU DRIVE UP HERE INTO THE MOUNTAINS LIKE A DEMON, A MONTH AGO! IN MY NEXT VISIT TO THE CITY I HEARD THE STORY OF YOUR SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE! I SOUGHT YOU OUT, BUT HAD SOME TROUBLE FINDING THIS HIDEAWAY...

I CAME JUST IN TIME, IT SEEMS! I SAW YOU LYING ON THE FLOOR, AND THEN THE CLOCK-WORK BEGAN TIPPING OVER THE BEAKER OF ACID— I KNOCKED IT AWAY WITH A ROD! THEN I TOOK THE BATTERY FROM MY CAR AND CONNECTED IT TO YOUR DISTRIBUTOR -- YOUR HEART, BY ANALOGY. I REALIZED I HAD BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM -- **DEATH!**

I STILL STARED AT HIM, WITH AN UNVOICED QUESTION. HIS VOICE CHANGED -- HE SPOKE RATHER SHARPLY...

I'D DO THE SAME FOR **ANY** WRETCH TRYING TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE! YOU'RE A **ROBOT**, ADAM LINK! A LIVING, THINKING CREATION OF METAL! I KNEW **DR. LINK**, YOUR CREATOR -- I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL TO HOPE TO SUCCEED. NOW I SEE HE DID -- AND IT AMAZES ME!

MY PHONELIKE VOICE RESPONDED DULLY... I TOLD HIM MY STORY IN BRIEF, TERSE PHRASES...

YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME BACK TO A LIFE I **RENOUNCED** -- BUT AGAINST MY WILL!

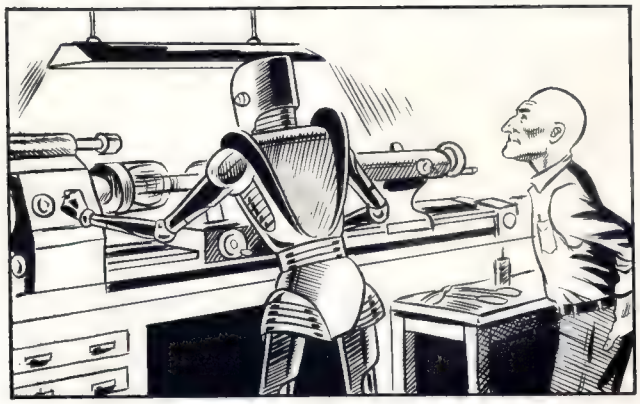
YOU CAN'T KILL YOURSELF, ADAM LINK! YOU HAVE THE SECRET OF THE **METAL-BRAIN!** AND IT MUST NOT GO WITH YOU!

SUDDENLY, A GLEAM CAME INTO HIS EYES...

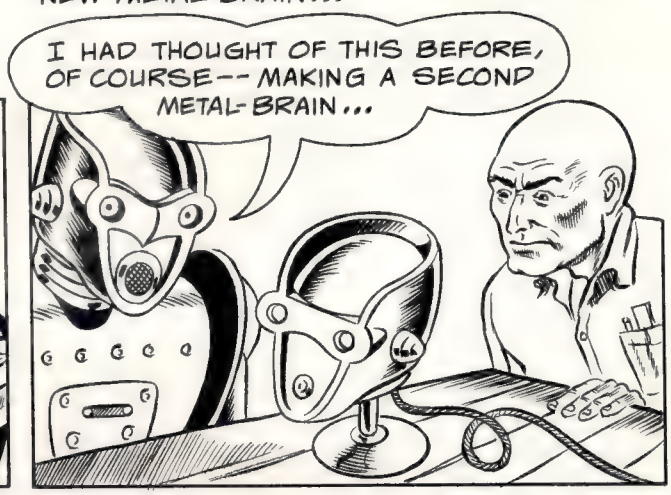
YOU ARE LONELY, ADAM LINK -- YOU HAVE NO ONE LIKE YOURSELF TO TALK TO, TO SHARE COMPANIONSHIP. WELL, YOU FOOL, WHY NOT MAKE ANOTHER **ROBOT!**

AND I DECIDED TO STAY WITH DR. HILLORY...

HE STAYED TO HELP ME. I HAD A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WORKSHOP AND LABORATORY. CERTAIN PARTS NEEDED, I ORDERED, THROUGH THE DEVIOUS CHANNELS I HAD THOUGHT NECESSARY TO MY ISOLATION, WHEN I BUILT THE HIDEAWAY. WITHIN A MONTH, A SECOND IRIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN LAY IN ITS HEAD-CASE ON MY WORKBENCH...

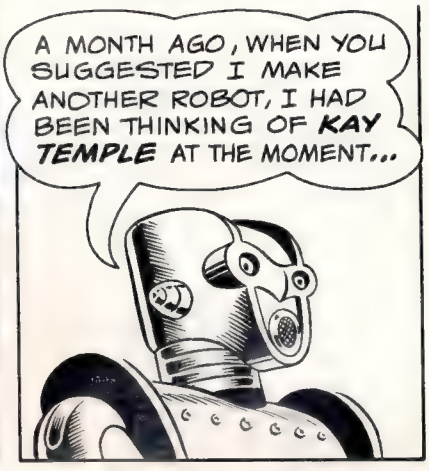


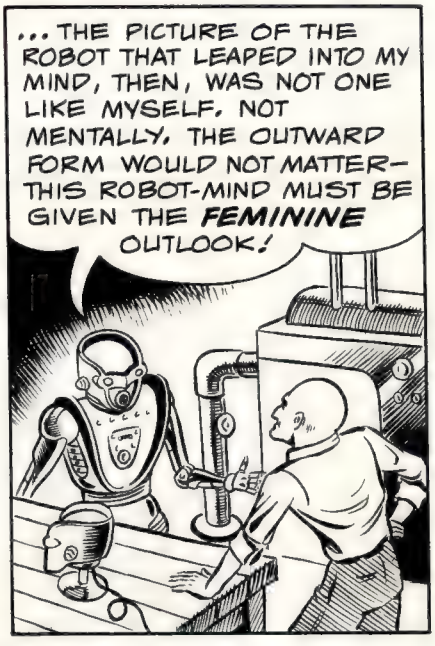
DR. LINK, MY CREATOR, HAD TAKEN TWENTY YEARS TO BUILD MY COMPLEX METAL BRAIN. I HAD DUPLICATED THE FEAT IN A MONTH. NOW, THE TIME HAD COME TO TEST THE NEW METAL-BRAIN...



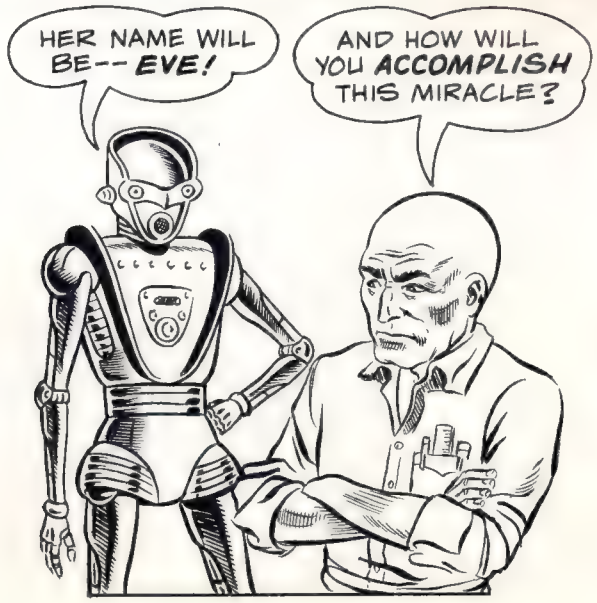
...BUT I HAD REASONED THAT IT WOULD COME TO LIFE AND KNOW THE BITTER LONELINESS I KNEW. I DID NOT THINK OF HER HAVING MY COMPANIONSHIP, AND I HERS.
HERS!

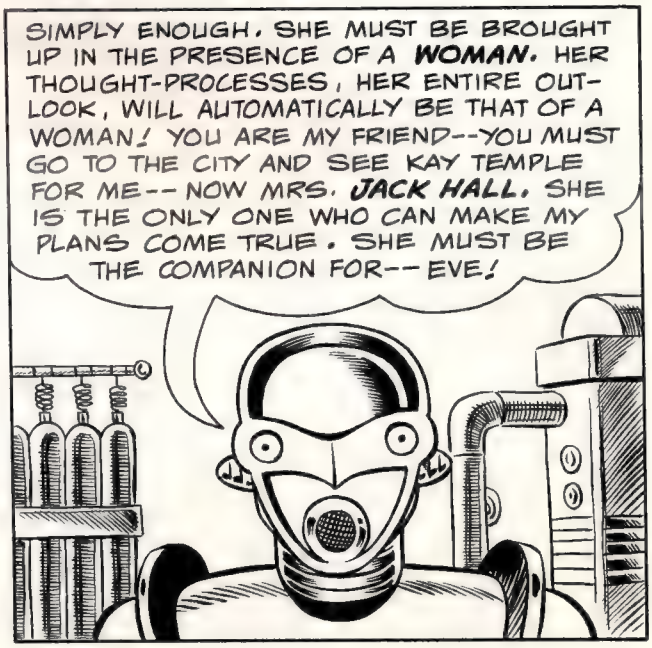
FOR A MOMENT I MYSELF WAS STARTLED. I HAD GIVEN MYSELF AWAY-- I FELT EMBARRASED, AND IN ALL EXCEPT THE ACTUAL FACT, I BLUSHED...



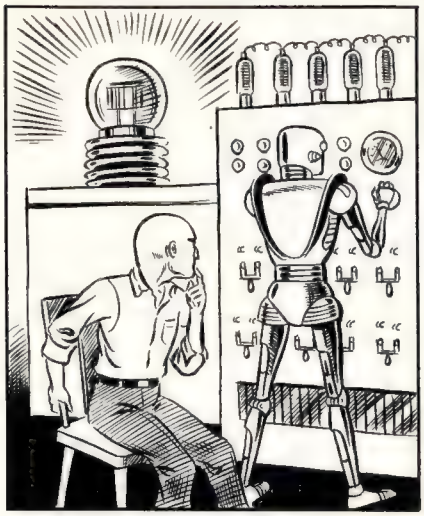

...THE PICTURE OF THE ROBOT THAT LEAPED INTO MY MIND, THEN, WAS NOT ONE LIKE MYSELF. NOT MENTALLY. THE OUTWARD FORM WOULD NOT MATTER-- THIS ROBOT-MIND MUST BE GIVEN THE FEMININE OUTLOOK!

MY MECHANICAL VOICE WENT DOWN IN TONE...

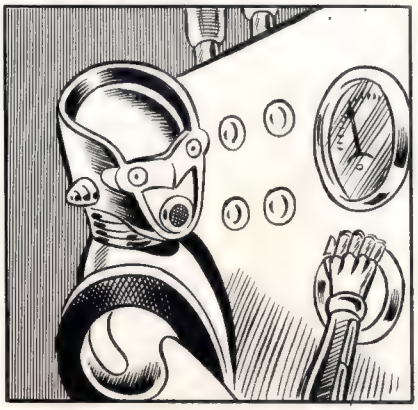



SIMPLY ENOUGH. SHE MUST BE BROUGHT UP IN THE PRESENCE OF A WOMAN. HER THOUGHT-PROCESSES, HER ENTIRE OUTLOOK, WILL AUTOMATICALLY BE THAT OF A WOMAN! YOU ARE MY FRIEND--YOU MUST GO TO THE CITY AND SEE KAY TEMPLE FOR ME-- NOW MRS. JACK HALL. SHE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAKE MY PLANS COME TRUE. SHE MUST BE THE COMPANION FOR-- EVE!

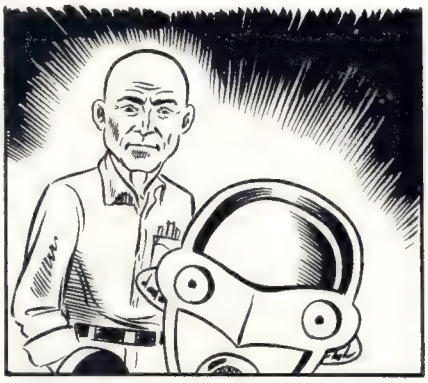
DR. HILLORY SAT DOWN, SHAKING HIS HEAD A LITTLE DAZEDLY. THEN, I SWITCHED ON THE ELECTRIC CURRENT—



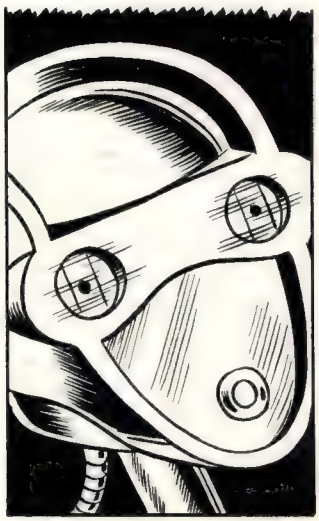
SLOWLY I RHEOSTATED IT UP, TO REACH THE POINT AT WHICH ELECTRONS WOULD DRUM THROUGH THE IRIDIUM SPONGE BRAIN, AS THOUGHTS DRUM IN THE HUMAN MIND, UNDER THE FORCES OF LIFE...



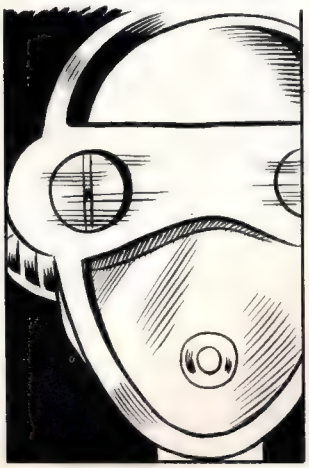
WHAT IF THE METAL-BRAIN WERE A FAILURE? WHAT IF MY BRAIN WAS A SHEER ACCIDENT, NOT THE RESULT OF DR. LINK'S CREATIVE GENIUS? WHAT IF AFTER ALL THE PROCESS COULD NOT BE REPEATED AGAIN-- EVER! I WATCHED...



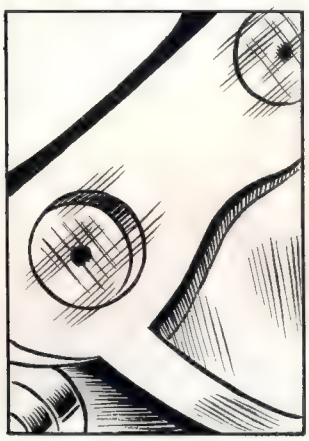
AND THEN-- MOVEMENT! THE EYELIDS OF THE HEAD FLICKED OPEN...



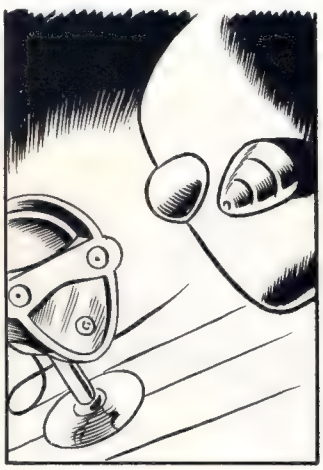
THE BRAIN SAW. THE EVELIDS CLICKED SHUT AGAIN, AS THOUGH THE BRAIN HAD BEEN STARTLED AT WHAT IT SAW...



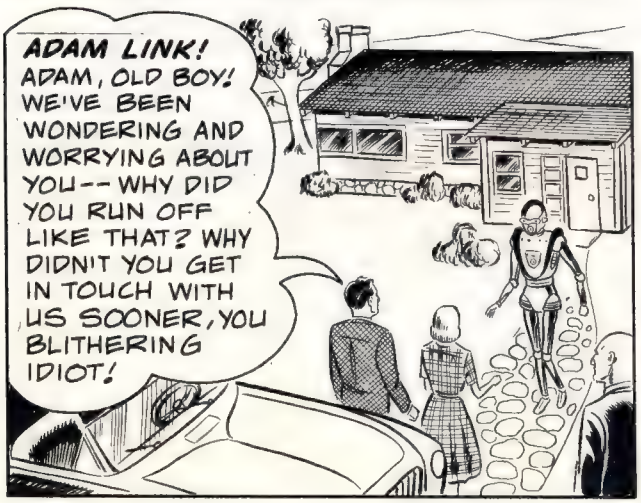
THEN OPEN AND SHUT SEVERAL MORE TIMES, EXACTLY AS A HUMAN MIGHT BLINK, AWAKENING FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS SLEEP...



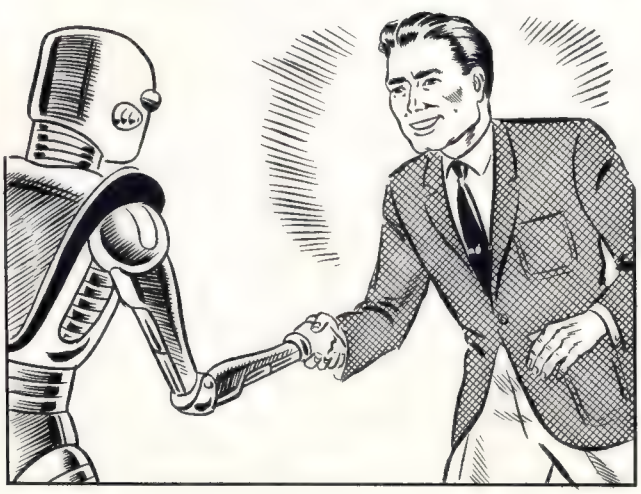
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE BLINKING HEAD-- THE EYES SEEMED TO LOOK INTO MINE, WONDERINGLY...



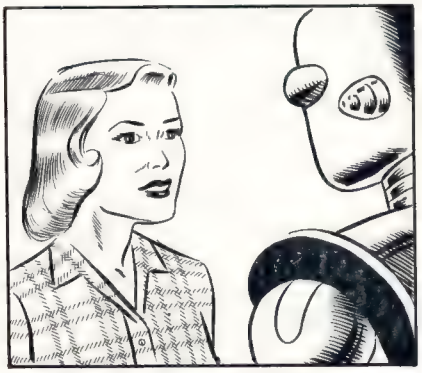
WHEN WE HAD COMPLETED THE BODY, SIMILAR TO MINE BUT SOMEWHAT SMALLER, DR. HILLORY WENT TO THE CITY. HE CAME BACK WITH JACK AND KAY. THEY HAD COME WITHOUT QUESTION, IMMEDIATELY...

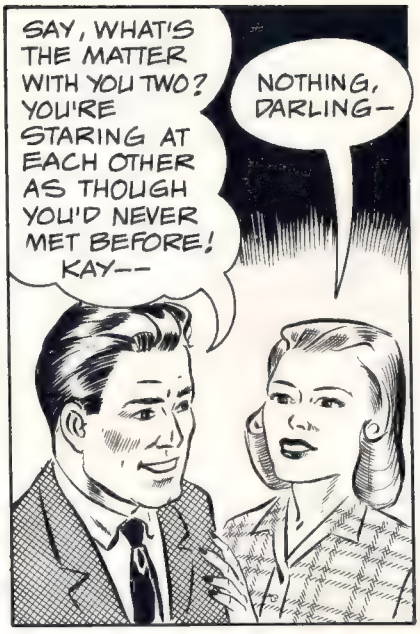

ADAM LINK!
ADAM, OLD BOY! WE'VE BEEN WONDERING AND WORRYING ABOUT YOU-- WHY DID YOU RUN OFF LIKE THAT? WHY DIDN'T YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH US SOONER, YOU BLITHERING IDIOT!

JACK WAS JUST COVERING UP HIS INTENSE JOY AT SEEING ME, WITH THOSE WORDS. IT WAS GOOD TO SEE HIM TOO, HE WHO WAS MY STAUNCH FRIEND AND LOOKED UPON ME MORE AS A MAN THAN A ROBOT...

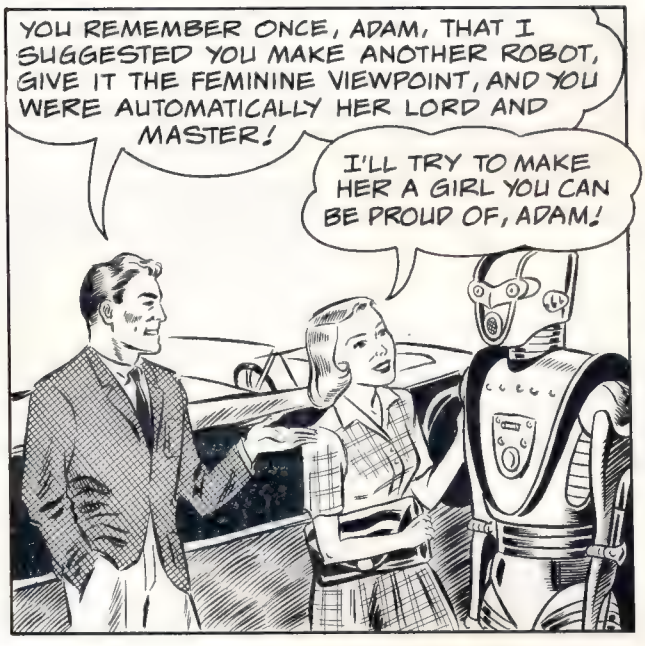


KAY CAME UP. THE AIR SEEMED TO HUSH. WE STARED AT EACH OTHER, NOT SPEAKING A WORD. WHAT WAS SHE THINKING, SHE WHO HAD SUCH A SHORT TIME AGO SEEN ME AS A MAN BEHIND THE ILLUSION OF METAL -- A MAN SHE COULD LOVE...

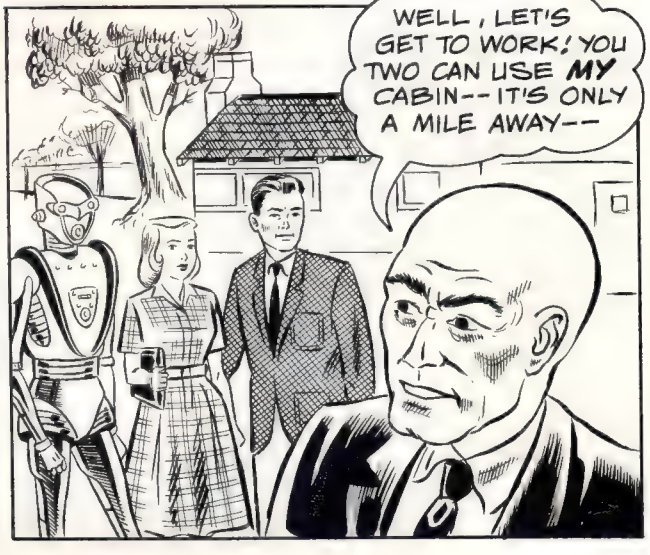




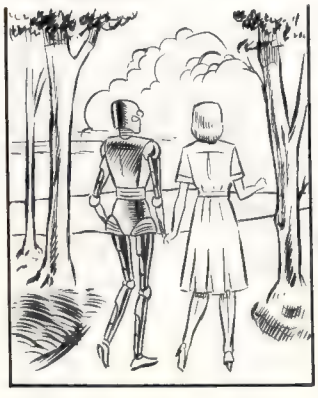
AND THEN I SAW HOW RADIANTLY HAPPY SHE WAS. THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED TWO MONTHS. I FELT A SURGE OF JOY. KAY HAD ***FOUND*** HERSELF. AND I WOULD TOO, SOON, IN A COMPANION LIKE MYSELF IN OUTWARD FORM, AND LIKE ***KAY*** INWARDLY...


YOU REMEMBER ONCE, ADAM, THAT I SUGGESTED YOU MAKE ANOTHER ROBOT, GIVE IT THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT, AND YOU WERE AUTOMATICALLY HER LORD AND MASTER!
I'LL TRY TO MAKE HER A GIRL YOU CAN BE PROUD OF, ADAM!

DR. HILLORY HAD STOOD BY WITH A LOOK IN HIS FACE THAT SEEMED TO SAY IT WAS ALL RATHER FOOLISH...



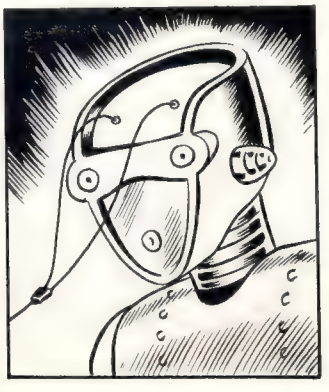
EVE LEARNED TO WALK AND TALK AS RAPIDLY, WITHIN A WEEK, AS I HAD. EVE, NO LESS THAN MYSELF, HAD A BRAIN THAT LEARNED INSTANTLY AND THEREAFTER NEVER FORGOT...



THEN, LIKE MYSELF, SHE WAS GIVEN BOOKS WHOSE CONTENTS SHE ABSORBED IN PAGE-AT-A-TIME TELEVISION SCANNING. SHE PASSED FROM "BABYHOOD" TO "SCHOOLHOOD" TO MENTAL MATURITY IN THE SPAN OF JUST WEEKS.

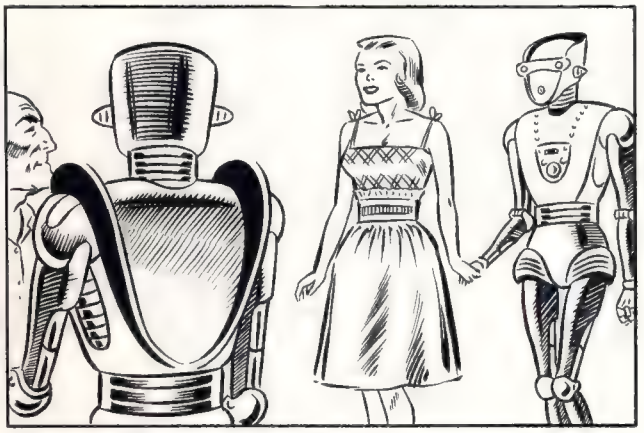
AN ALUMINUM HELMET FITTED OVER KAY'S HEAD TRANSFERRED HER THOUGHTS DIRECTLY, OVER WIRES, TO EVE'S. THOUGHTS ARE ELECTRICAL IN NATURE -- I FOUND THE WAY TO CONVERT THEM INTO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES, LIKE IN A TELEPHONE...

MIND TRANSFERENCE. TELEPATHY. CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. KAY'S MIND POURED OVER INTO RECEPTIVE EVE'S. I KNEW THAT EVE WOULD THEN BE A SECOND KAY -- ***A MENTAL TWIN***--

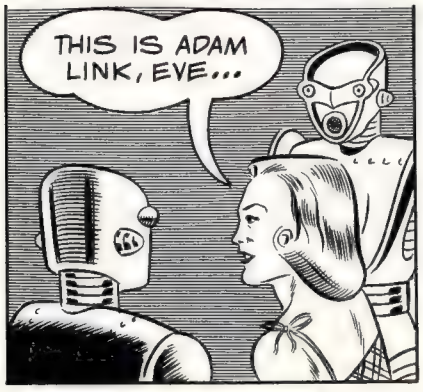


DR. HILLORY AND I WATCHED DEVELOPMENTS WITH ALL THE AVID CURIOSITY OF THE SCIENTIFIC MIND. WE LEFT THE WHOLE JOB UP TO KAY. WE SELDOM TALKED OR EVEN WENT NEAR EVE, FOR FEAR OF UPSETTING THIS STRANGE PROCESS OF GIVING A ROBOT A FEMININE MIND...

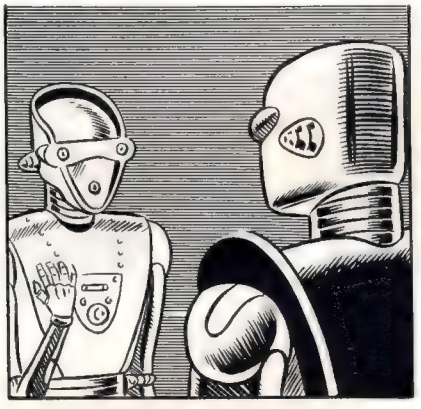
DAYS LATER, THE GREAT MOMENT ARRIVED. JACK, DR. HILLORY AND I WERE IN THE SITTING ROOM. KAY BROUGHT EVE IN, LEADING HER BY THE HAND. KAY HAD ASSURED ME, THAT MORNING, THAT SHE HAD DONE ALL SHE COULD. MENTALLY MATURED, EVE WAS AS MUCH A "WOMAN", AS I WAS A "MAN"...



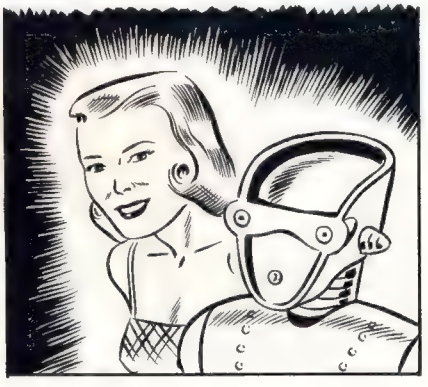
OUTWARDLY, OF COURSE, EVE WAS JUST A ROBOT, COMPOSED OF BRIGHT METAL, STANDING ON STIFF ALLOY LEGS. BUT I TRIED TO LOOK BEYOND THAT. I WAS ***PYGMALION***, WATCHING BREATHLESSLY AS HIS IVORY STATUE CAME TO LIFE—

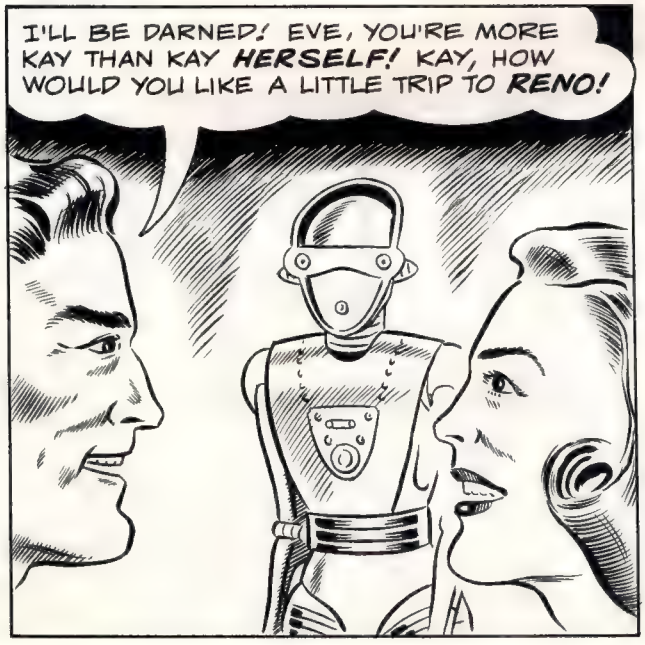


RIDICULOUS? YOU WHO READ DO NOT KNOW THE SOLEMNITY OF THAT SCENE, THE TENSE EXPECTANCY BEHIND IT. HOW NEARLY HUMAN, AND MANLIKE AND WOMANLIKE, COULD METAL LIFE BE MADE?



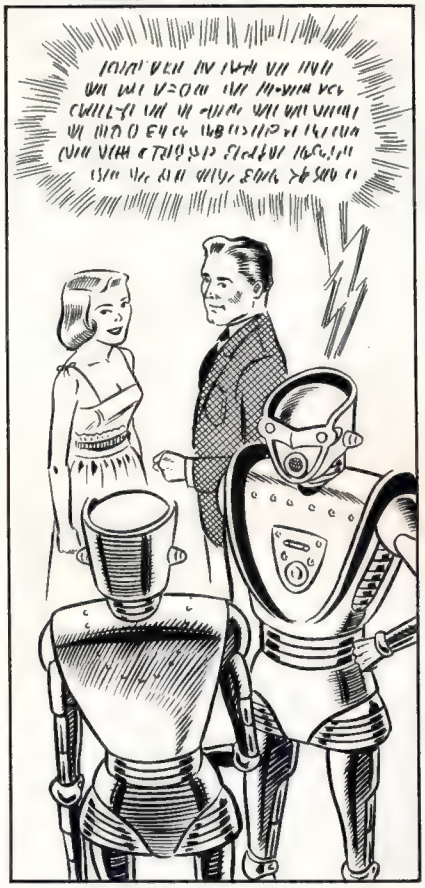
THE CONVERSATION WAS GENERAL. EVE WAS BEING INTRODUCED TO HER FIRST "SOCIAL" GATHERING. GRADUALLY, I BECAME AWARE OF HER "CHARACTER" AND "PERSONALITY". SHE WAS LOVELY, BY NATURE. SHE WAS-- WELL, KAY...



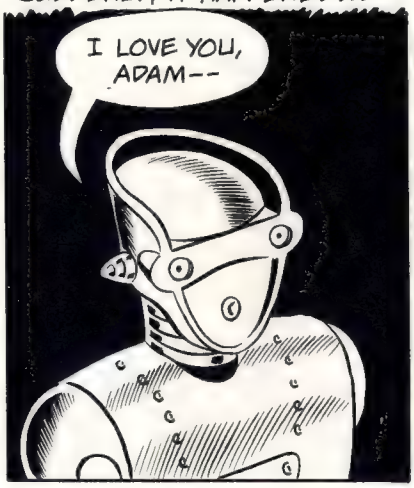


IT WAS A SPLENDID THING FOR JACK TO SAY. BUT HE WASN'T MERELY MAKING A GALLANT GESTURE, HERE WITH EVE. HE MEANT IT! WE ALL LAUGHED, OF COURSE. YES, I LAUGHED TOO, INSIDE. SOMETHING OF THE TENSE ATMOSPHERE WAS RELIEVED--OUR CONVERSATION BECAME MORE NATURAL...

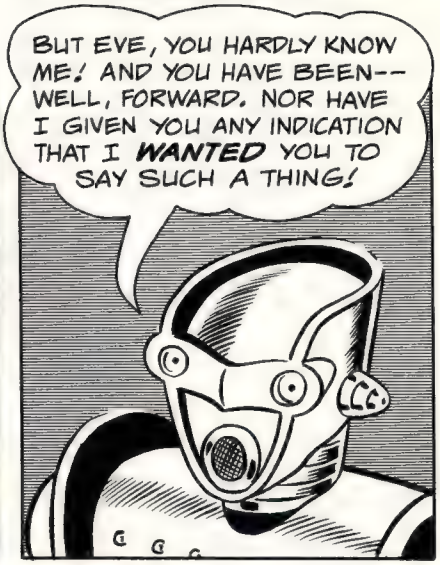
WHAT WOULD TWO ROBOTS TALK ABOUT, YOU WONDER? NOT ABOUT ELECTRONS, RIVETS, GEARS. BUT ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS. SOON, WE NOTICED A QUEER PHENOMENON. OUR CONVERSATION BETWEEN OURSELVES ***GAINED*** IN RAPIDITY -- BOTH OF US THOUGHT AND SPOKE INSTANTANEOUSLY! VAGUELY, I NOTICED THAT THE OTHERS WERE LOOKING AT US IN COVERT SURPRISE -- OUR VOICES TO THEM WERE AN INCOHERANT ***BLUR!***

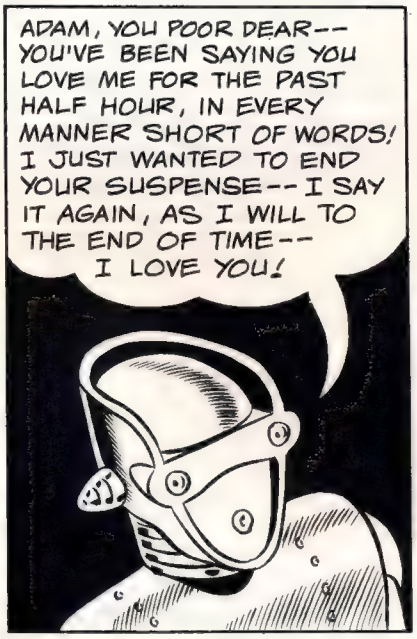


IN THE NEXT FEW HOURS, EVE AND I PASSED THROUGH WHAT MIGHT HAVE CORRESPONDED TO DAYS OR ***WEEKS*** OF HUMAN ASSOCIATION. AND SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED...



I GASPED, IN HUMAN TERMS. MY FIRST REACTION WAS ONE OF ASTONISHMENT--

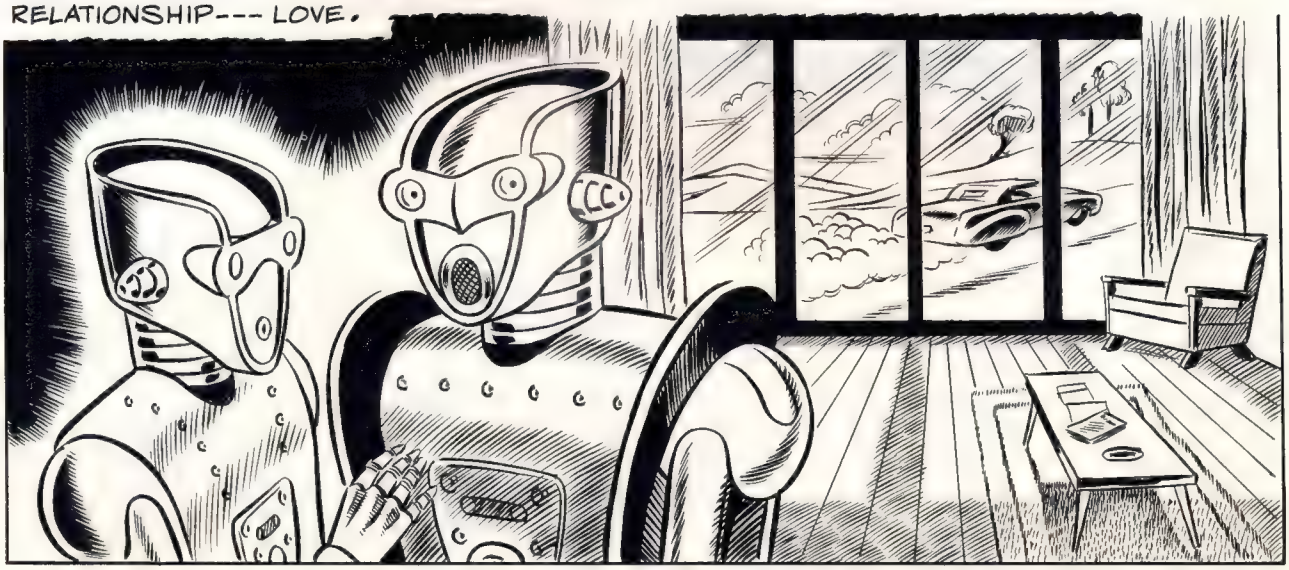

BUT EVE, YOU HARDLY KNOW ME! AND YOU HAVE BEEN-- WELL, FORWARD. NOR HAVE I GIVEN YOU ANY INDICATION THAT I ***WANTED*** YOU TO SAY SUCH A THING!


ADAM, YOU POOR DEAR-- YOU'VE BEEN SAYING YOU LOVE ME FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR, IN EVERY MANNER SHORT OF WORDS! I JUST WANTED TO END YOUR SUSPENSE -- I SAY IT AGAIN, AS I WILL TO THE END OF TIME-- I LOVE YOU!

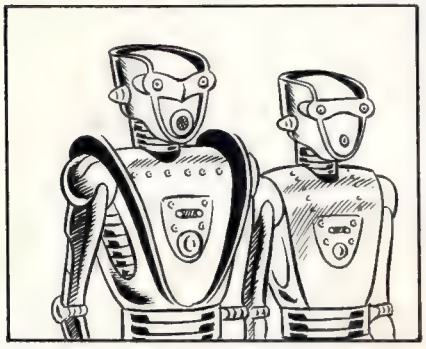
KAY HAD CAUGHT ON, SOMEHOW -- SHE AROSE, TUGGING JACK BY THE HAND...

WE'RE NOT NEEDED HERE ANY MORE. WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE CITY. DR. HILLORY, YOU GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN FOR A WHILE-
GET IN TOUCH WITH US SOON, ADAM AND EVE...

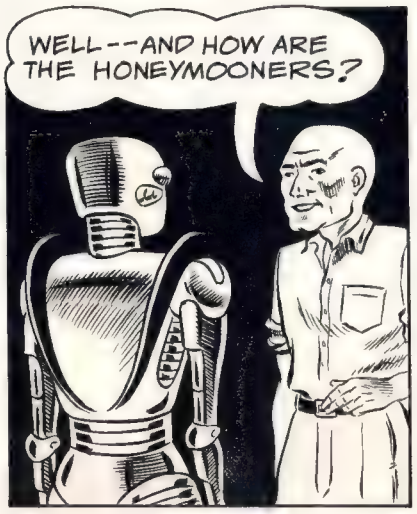
AND THEY WERE ALL THREE GONE. AND WE -- THE ADAM AND EVE OF ROBOTS -- LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES AND KNEW THAT WE HAD ACHIEVED A PINNACLE OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIP --- LOVE.

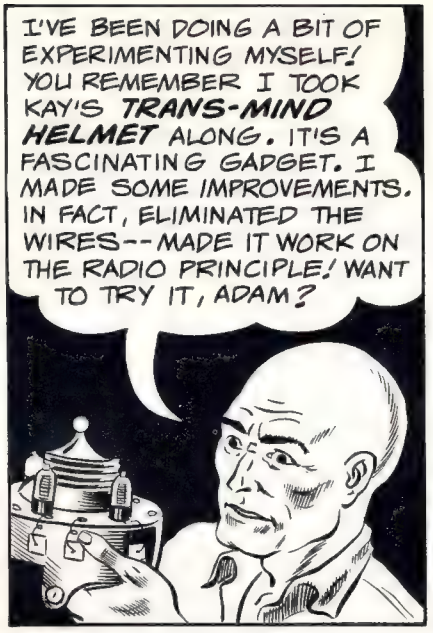


A MONTH WENT BY. WE WENT TO SEE DR. HILLORY FINALLY, AFTER THAT MONTH. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A STRANGE SIGHT TO ANY HUMAN EYES, I SUPPOSE. TWO ROBOTS, STROLLING HAND IN HAND THROUGH THE WOODS, CHATTING AS MERRILY AS A COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL...



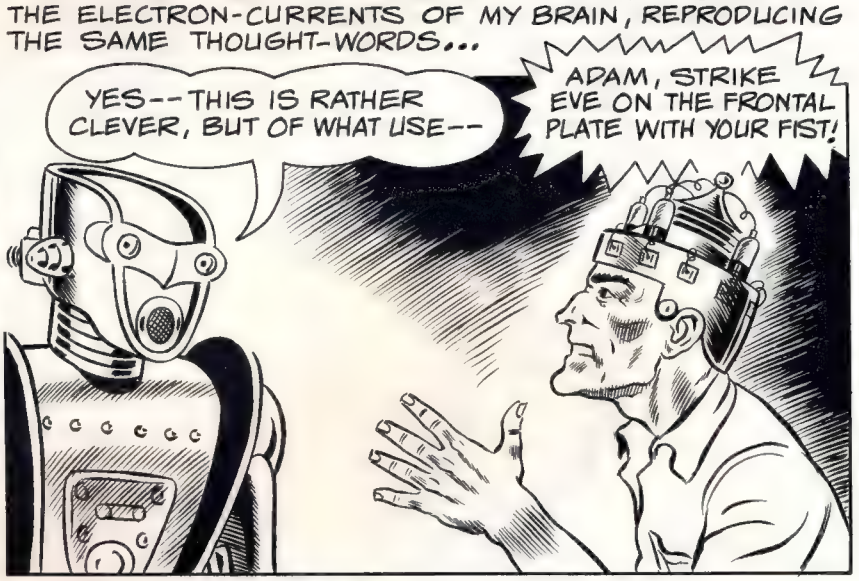
DR. HILLORY'S CABIN WAS ONLY A MILE AWAY. HE EYED US WITH HIS ENIGMATIC EXPRESSION...

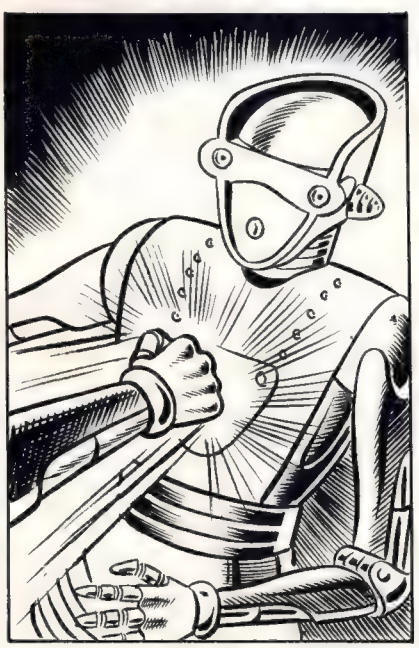



I'VE BEEN DOING A BIT OF EXPERIMENTING MYSELF! YOU REMEMBER I TOOK KAY'S ***TRANS-MIND HELMET*** ALONG. IT'S A FASCINATING GADGET. I MADE SOME IMPROVEMENTS. IN FACT, ELIMINATED THE WIRES--MADE IT WORK ON THE RADIO PRINCIPLE! WANT TO TRY IT, ADAM?

I COMPLIED. HE UNHINGED THE SKULL-SECTION NEXT TO THE BASE OF MY BRAIN AND SET THE VIBRATOR IN CONTACT. HE HAD ANOTHER ONE MADE, SO EVE ALSO JOINED THE EXPERIMENT...

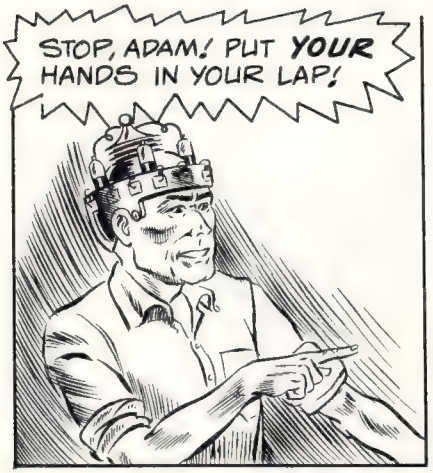
DR. HILLORY'S VOICE WAS HEARD. YET HIS LIPS HADN'T MOVED! HIS THOUGHT-WORDS HAD DIRECTLY MODULATED THE ELECTRON-CURRENTS OF MY BRAIN, REPRODUCING THE SAME THOUGHT-WORDS...



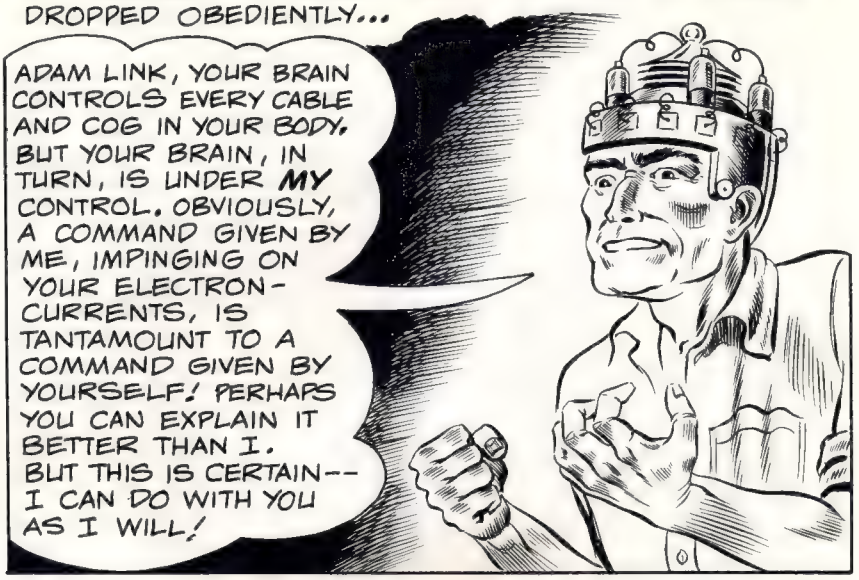


IT HADN'T HURT HER, OF COURSE. BUT EVE DID A STRANGE THING-- WITH A SHORT, FRIGHTENED CRY, SHE REACHED HER HANDS BEHIND HER HEAD, TO RIP THE VIBRATOR AWAY...

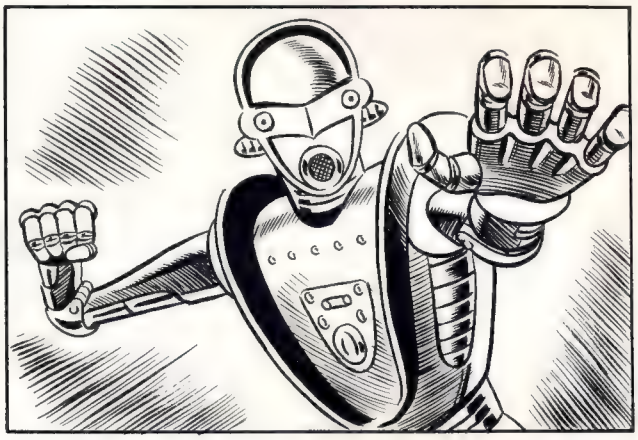
LIGHTNING STRUCK MY BRAIN. INSTINCTIVELY I ALSO RAISED MY HANDS TO RIP AWAY THE LITTLE INSTRUMENT THAT GAVE HIM SUCH A COMMAND OVER US.



I FOUGHT. I STRAINED WITH EVERY STEEL MUSCLE. BUT MY MACHINE'S STRENGTH MEANT NOTHING. MY HANDS DROPPED OBEDIENTLY...

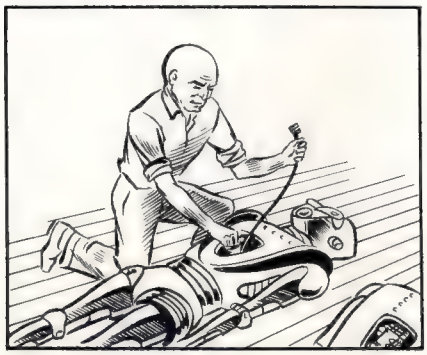

ADAM LINK, YOUR BRAIN CONTROLS EVERY CABLE AND COG IN YOUR BODY. BUT YOUR BRAIN, IN TURN, IS UNDER MY CONTROL. OBVIOUSLY, A COMMAND GIVEN BY ME, IMPINGING ON YOUR ELECTRON-CURRENTS, IS TANTAMOUNT TO A COMMAND GIVEN BY YOURSELF! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT BETTER THAN I. BUT THIS IS CERTAIN-- I CAN DO WITH YOU AS I WILL!

IT WAS THEN I ACTED--OR TRIED TO. I TRIED TO LEAP AT HIM. A SWIFT MENTAL COMMAND FROM HIM--AND I STOPPED SHORT. EVERY WHEEL IN MY BODY MESHED FOR MOVEMENT. INSTEAD, SLOWLY, MY BODY INCHED BACK AND FINALLY EASED WITH A GRIND OF UNLOCKING GEARS.

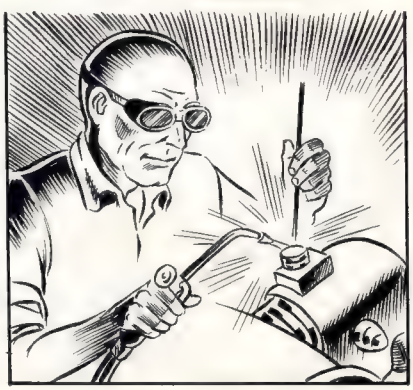


I HAD THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN IN ONE ARM, THE POWER OF A MIGHTY ENGINE AT MY FINGERTIPS. I COULD IN THREE SECONDS HAVE TAKEN HIS PUNY, SOFT BODY AND TORN IT TO BLOODY SHREDS. YET THERE HE STOOD, UNHARMED--

IF I HAD ANY HOPE OF BREAKING FROM HILLORY'S CLUTCH, IT WAS QUICKLY DISPELLED. FIRST, HE MADE US LIE DOWN, THEN REMOVED OUR FRONTAL-PLATES. IT WAS SIMPLE FOR HIM TO UNHOOK THE CABLES FROM THE BATTERIES THAT GAVE US LIFE...

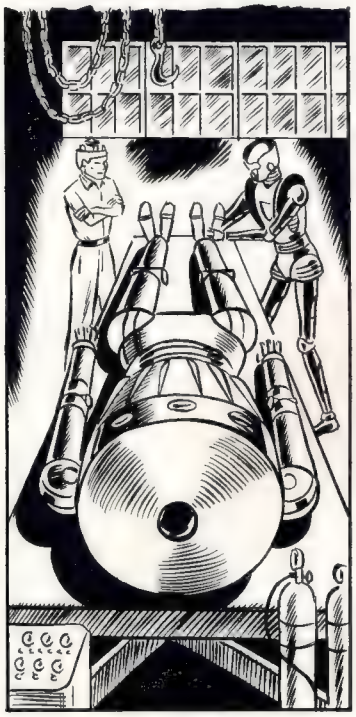


WE REALIZED OUR TRUE HOPELESSNESS. HILLORY HAD WELDED THE VIBRATORS TO THE BACKS OF OUR SKULL-PIECES SO FIRMLY THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO TEAR THEM AWAY WITH OUR FINGERS...



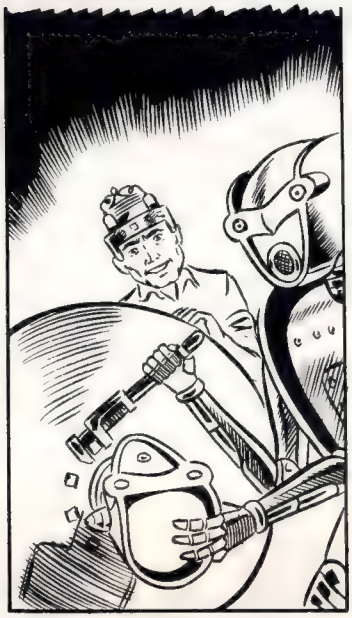
WHILE I WEAR THE HELMET, YOU ARE UNDER MY COMMAND! WHENEVER I WISH TO TAKE THE HELMET OFF, I SIMPLY TURN YOU TWO OFF FIRST. YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, AND YOU MUST DO AS I WISH!

IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, PART OF HIS PLAN UNFOLDED. HE FORCED ME TO DEVISE A NEW AND ***LARGER*** ROBOT BODY. WHEN THE PARTS CAME, FROM FACTORIES, MY FINGERS PUT THEM TOGETHER, UNDER HIS COMMAND...

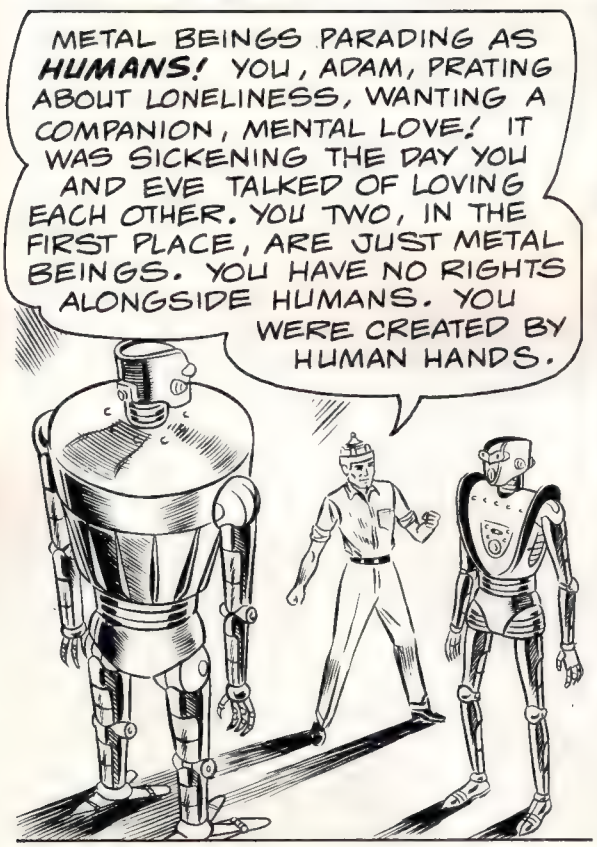


COMPLETED, THE BODY STOOD EIGHT FEET HIGH, WITHOUT A HEAD. IT WAS A SUPER-POWERFUL MECHANISM, WITH MUSCLE CABLES AND COGS ALL PROPORTIONATELY LARGER THAN MINE. AND THEN HILLORY FINALLY REVEALED HIS PURPOSE...

THOUGH IT REVOLTED ME IN EVERY ATOM OF MY BEING, I UNFASTENED HER HEAD-PIECE GENTLY AND ATTACHED IT TO THE NEW BODY. THEN I BOLTED THE NECK-PIECE IN PLACE, HOLDING THE HEAD FIRMLY. AT THE LAST, UNDER HILLORY'S COMMAND, I SNAPPED THE BACK-SWITCH...



WITH A CREAK AND GROAN OF NEW METAL, THE BODY AROSE. IT TOWERED ABOVE US BOTH LIKE A GOLIATH. I SHED MENTAL TEARS AND I COULD SEE THE SAME IN EVE'S EYES AS SHE LOOKED DOWN AT ME. HOPELESSLY, I TRIED TO APPEAL TO HIM...

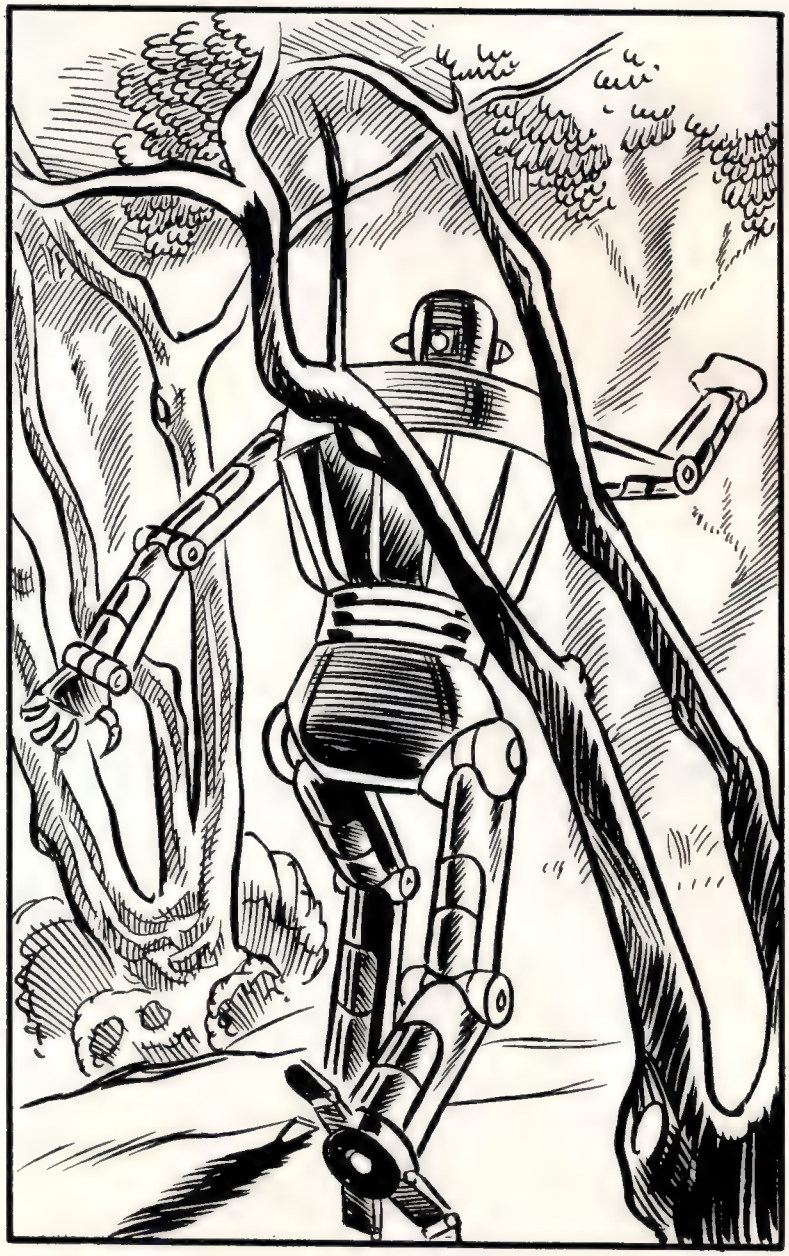

METAL BEINGS PARADING AS ***HUMANS!*** YOU, ADAM, PRATING ABOUT LONELINESS, WANTING A COMPANION, MENTAL LOVE! IT WAS SICKENING THE DAY YOU AND EVE TALKED OF LOVING EACH OTHER. YOU TWO, IN THE FIRST PLACE, ARE JUST METAL BEINGS. YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS ALONGSIDE HUMANS. YOU WERE CREATED BY HUMAN HANDS.

INSTRUMENTS OF WHAT? WHAT HAD HE MEANT?

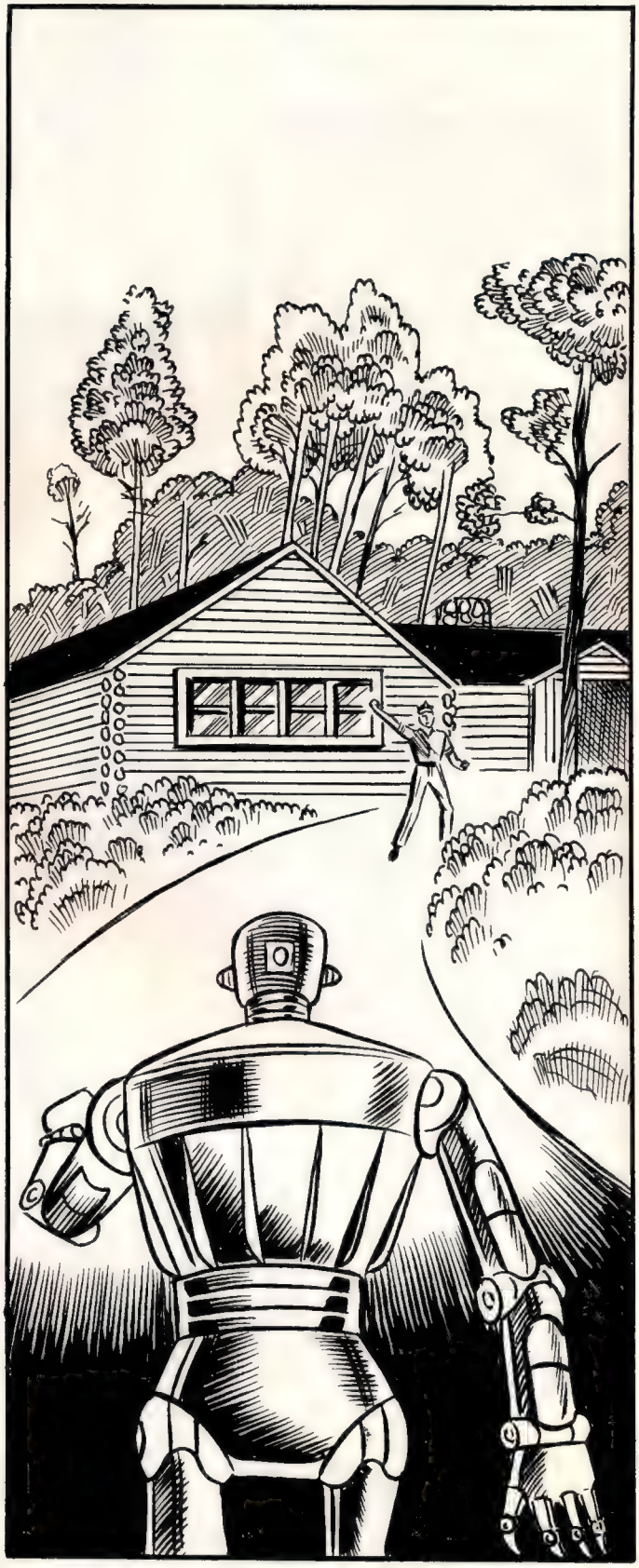
WE WERE SOON TO FIND OUT

PART TWO: VENGEANCE

THAT VERY DAY, HILLORY TESTED THE RANGE OF HIS REMOTE CONTROL BY RADIO. EVE, ASTRIDE HER NEW GIANT BODY, WAS SENT STEP BY STEP AWAY, TILL SHE VANISHED IN THE WOODS.

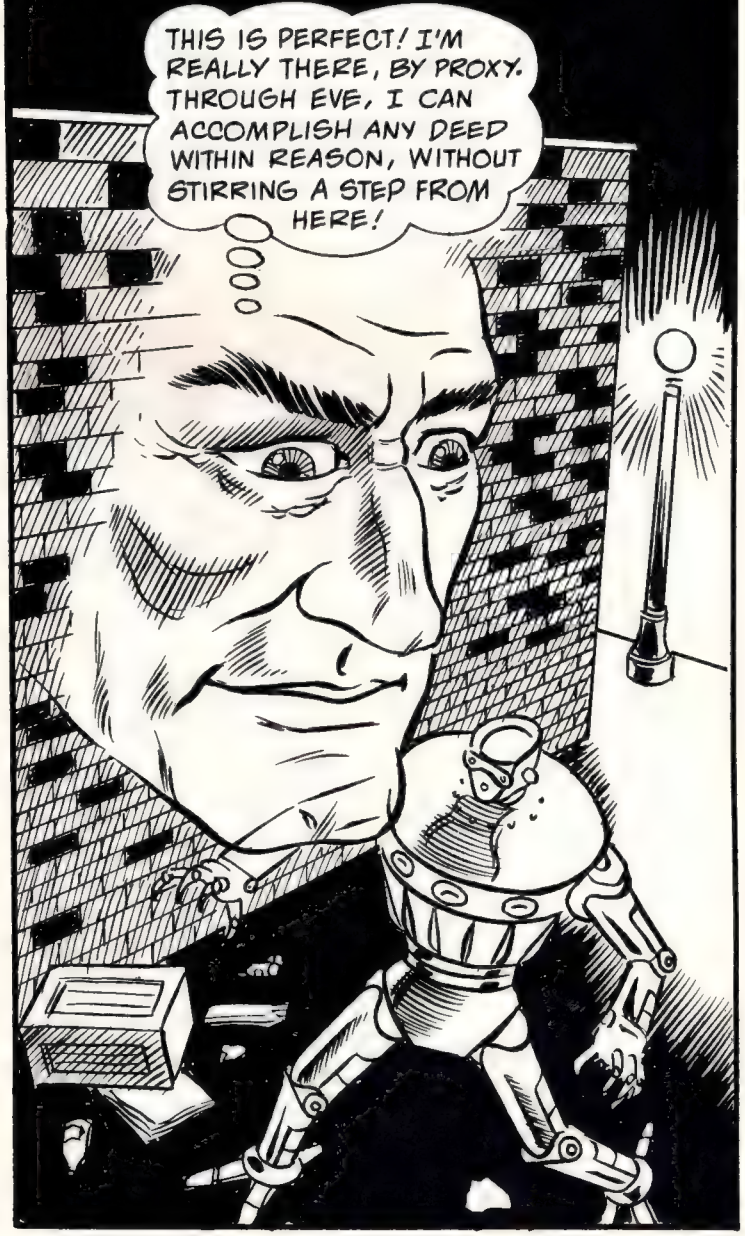


STILL THE SCIENTIST COMMANDED HER TO MOVE ON, WATCHING AN INSTRUMENT THAT RECORDED DISTANCE AND CONTROL. EVE WAS SENT A MILE ALTOGETHER, AND CAME BACK OBEDIENTLY... AT NO TIME, OBVIOUSLY, HAD SHE FELT THE SLIGHTEST WEAKENING OF HILLORY'S REMOTE CONTROL, BORNE BY HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO WAVES. AND RADIO WAVES HAD A LIMITLESS RANGE!

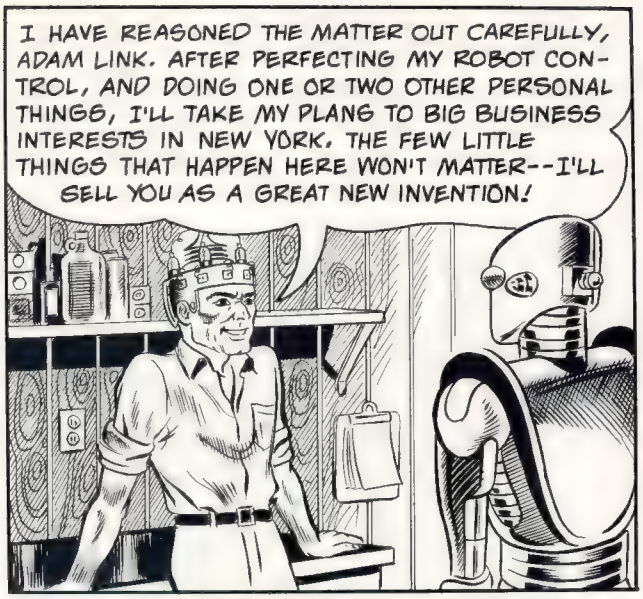


THAT NIGHT, EVE WAS SENT DOWN TO THE CITY. HILLORY WAS ABLE TO GUIDE HER EASILY ENOUGH, THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE. HIS MENTAL COMMANDS TOLD HER EVERY STEP. CONVERSELY, HER SHARP COMPREHENSIVE THOUGHTS CAME BACK TO HIM, WHENEVER SHE WAS IN DOUBT AS TO A ROAD OR TURN. SVENGALI HAD NEVER HAD THE FULL, DIABOLICAL CONTROL OVER HIS TRILBY THAT HILLORY HAD OVER POOR EVE!

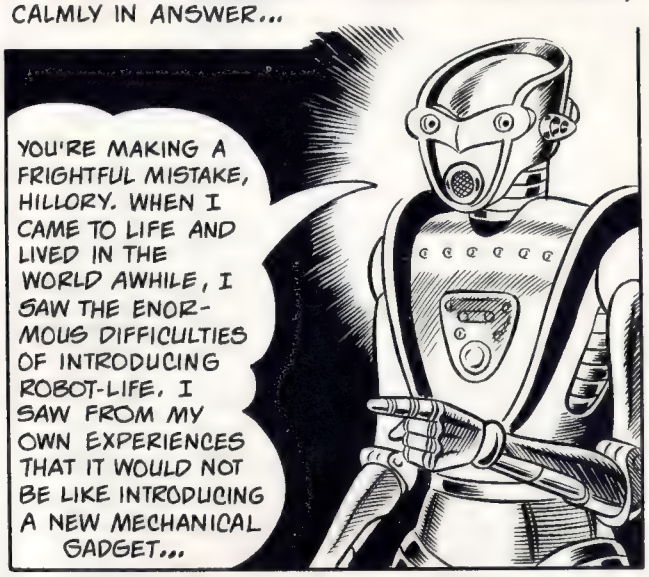
AT TIMES, THOUGH, THE STREETS OF THE SMALL CITY WERE NEARLY DESERTED AT THIS HOUR, LATE WANDERERS SPIED THE TALL ALIEN FORM. EVE INVOLUNTARILY INFORMED HILLORY, AND HE WOULD CAUSE HER TO DUCK INTO SHADOWED DOORWAYS, OR DOWN ALLEYS.

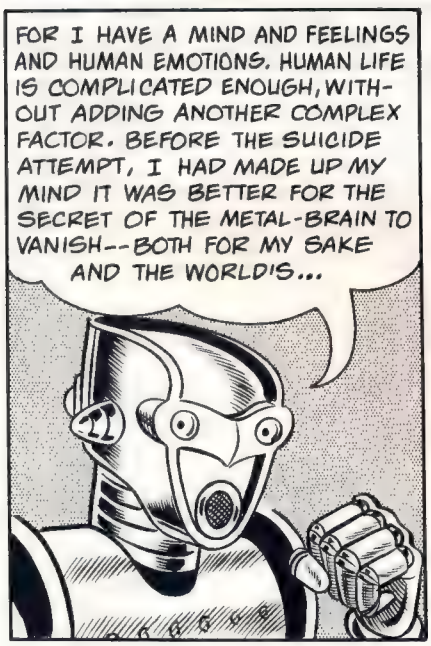

THIS IS PERFECT! I'M REALLY THERE, BY PROXY. THROUGH EVE, I CAN ACCOMPLISH ANY DEED WITHIN REASON, WITHOUT STIRRING A STEP FROM HERE!

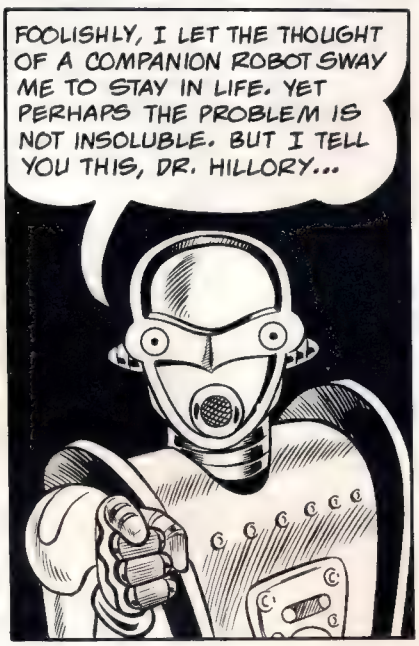
LATER, HILLORY REVEALED HIS PLANS TO US...

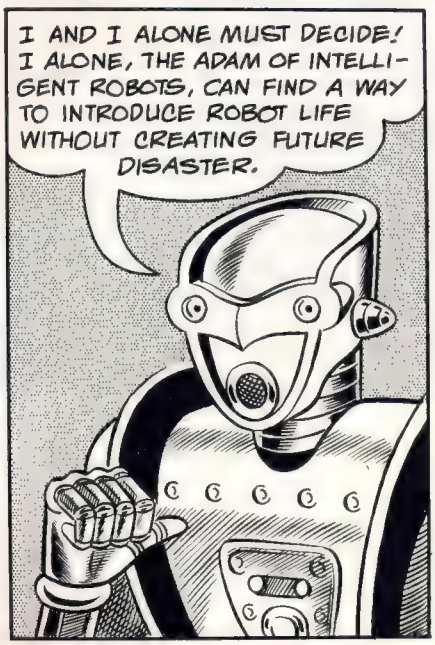

I HAVE REASONED THE MATTER OUT CAREFULLY, ADAM LINK. AFTER PERFECTING MY ROBOT CONTROL, AND DOING ONE OR TWO OTHER PERSONAL THINGS, I'LL TAKE MY PLANG TO BIG BUSINESS INTERESTS IN NEW YORK. THE FEW LITTLE THINGS THAT HAPPEN HERE WON'T MATTER--I'LL SELL YOU AS A GREAT NEW INVENTION!

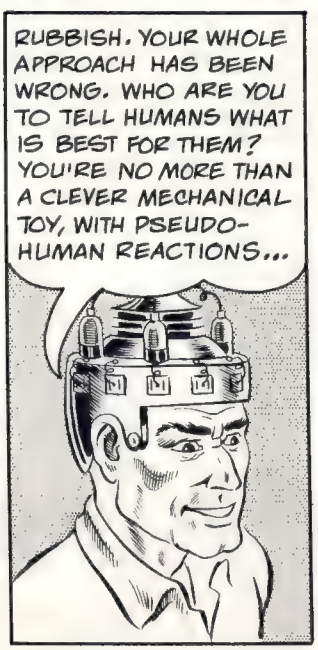
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SPEAKING OF A NEW TYPE OF RADIO, OR AUTOMOBILE--I TRIED TO TALK SLOWLY, CALMLY IN ANSWER...

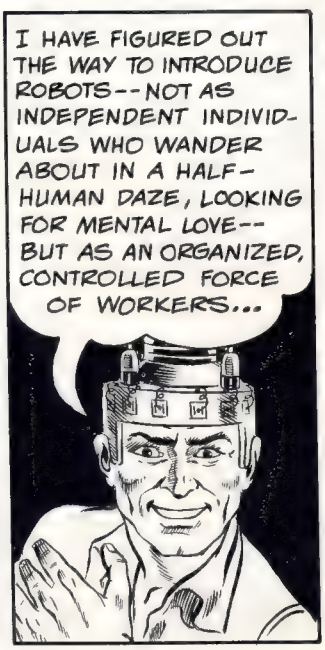

YOU'RE MAKING A FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE, HILLORY. WHEN I CAME TO LIFE AND LIVED IN THE WORLD AWHILE, I SAW THE ENORMOUS DIFFICULTIES OF INTRODUCING ROBOT-LIFE. I SAW FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCES THAT IT WOULD NOT BE LIKE INTRODUCING A NEW MECHANICAL GADGET...


FOR I HAVE A MIND AND FEELINGS AND HUMAN EMOTIONS. HUMAN LIFE IS COMPLICATED ENOUGH, WITHOUT ADDING ANOTHER COMPLEX FACTOR. BEFORE THE SUICIDE ATTEMPT, I HAD MADE UP MY MIND IT WAS BETTER FOR THE SECRET OF THE METAL-BRAIN TO VANISH--BOTH FOR MY SAKE AND THE WORLD'S...


FOOLISHLY, I LET THE THOUGHT OF A COMPANION ROBOT SWAY ME TO STAY IN LIFE. YET PERHAPS THE PROBLEM IS NOT INSOLUBLE. BUT I TELL YOU THIS, DR. HILLORY...


I AND I ALONE MUST DECIDE! I ALONE, THE ADAM OF INTELLIGENT ROBOTS, CAN FIND A WAY TO INTRODUCE ROBOT LIFE WITHOUT CREATING FUTURE DISASTER.


RUBBISH. YOUR WHOLE APPROACH HAS BEEN WRONG. WHO ARE YOU TO TELL HUMANS WHAT IS BEST FOR THEM? YOU'RE NO MORE THAN A CLEVER MECHANICAL TOY, WITH PSEUDO-HUMAN REACTIONS...


I HAVE FIGURED OUT THE WAY TO INTRODUCE ROBOTS--NOT AS INDEPENDENT INDIVIDUALS WHO WANDER ABOUT IN A HALF-HUMAN DAZE, LOOKING FOR MENTAL LOVE--BUT AS AN ORGANIZED, CONTROLLED FORCE OF WORKERS...

I WISHED AT THAT MOMENT THAT MY METALLIC LARYNX DID NOT SOUND SO COLD, SO EXPRESSIONLESS, FOR IT DESTROYED THE MEANING OF MY WORDS...

LIFE IS IN THE MIND-- WE **HAVE** MINDS. DR. LINK REALIZED THAT. YOU MUST TOO--

SHUT UP! WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOUR MEANINGLESS DRIVEL?

I WAS HELPLESS TO GO ON. HE HAD COMMANDED ME TO STOP TALKING. HE WAS MASTER OF EVERY ATOM OF MY BODY. THE DREAD THOUGHT LOOMED BEFORE ME-- WHAT WOULD BE THE FATE OF OUR FUTURE KIND? OF THE ROBOT-- **RACE.** SLAVERY? WE MUST HAVE FELT THEN LIKE THE ADAM AND EVE OF BIBLICAL HISTORY, DENIED EDEN, FORESEEING ONLY MISERY AND SUFFERING FOR THEIR PEOPLE.

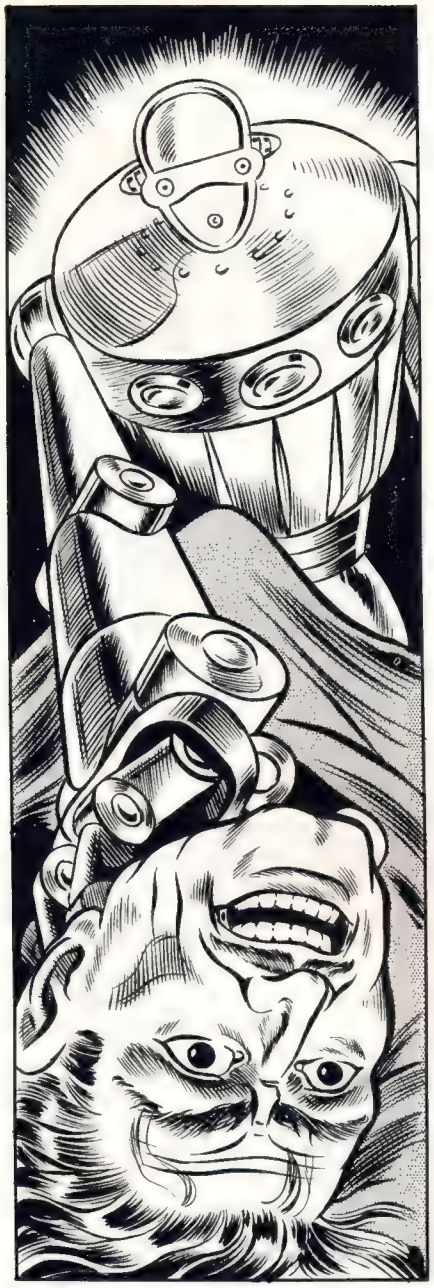
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, EVE WAS AGAIN SENT DOWN TO THE CITY, LIKE A METAL ZOMBIE. THIS TIME HILLORY DIRECTED HER TOWARD THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF TOWN. SHE ARRIVED AT A CERTAIN HOUSE. SHE WAS SENT QUIETLY THROUGH A PORCH WINDOW-- HILLORY SEEMED TO KNOW THE HOUSE THOROUGHLY...

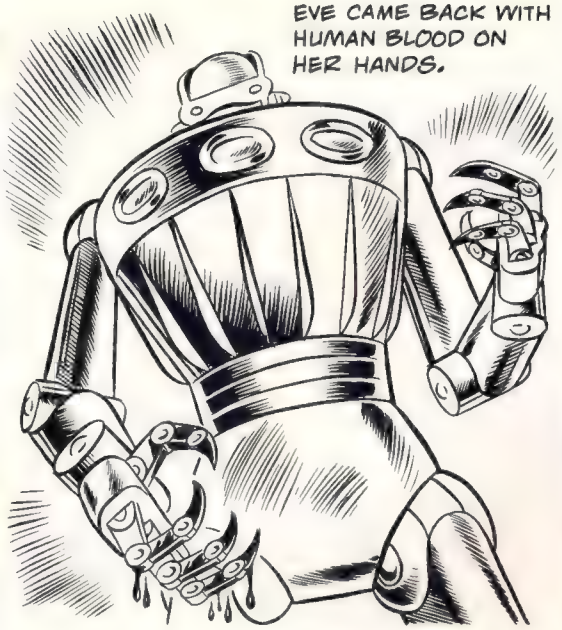
THEN THROUGH A DOOR. HILLORY'S CAUTIOUS MENTAL COMMANDS TO MAKE NO NOISE WERE PROBABLY CARRIED OUT TO THE LETTER. MERELY BY LEANING HER GREAT WEIGHT AGAINST A LOCKED DOOR, SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, EVE COULD FORCE THE LOCK WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A CLINK AND A SNAPPING OF PARTS...

APPARENTLY NO ONE HAD HEARD. THE METAL HOUSEBREAKER WAS NOT DETECTED...

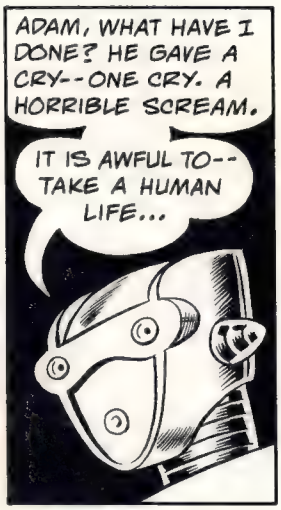
THEN HILLORY GAVE A COMMAND THAT MADE SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME GO COLD...

HILLORY'S PSYCHIC COMMAND WAS A RUTHLESS, EAGER WHISPER. POWERED BY RADIO, THE HEARTLESS COMMAND SPED TO EVE, AND WHOSE GREAT METAL HANDS HAD NO CHOICE...

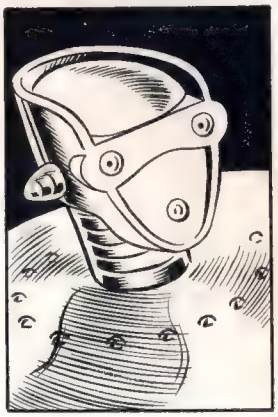




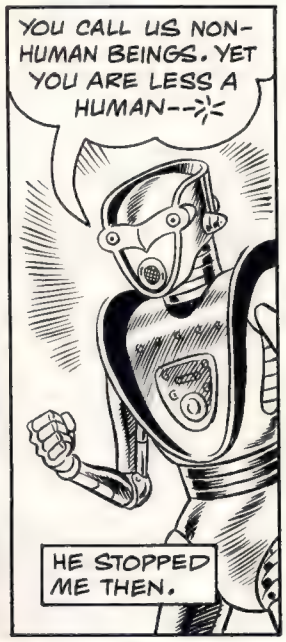
SHE KEPT LOOKING AT THEM. BEHIND THAT FLAT, METALLIC TONE WAS SHEER ANGUISH...



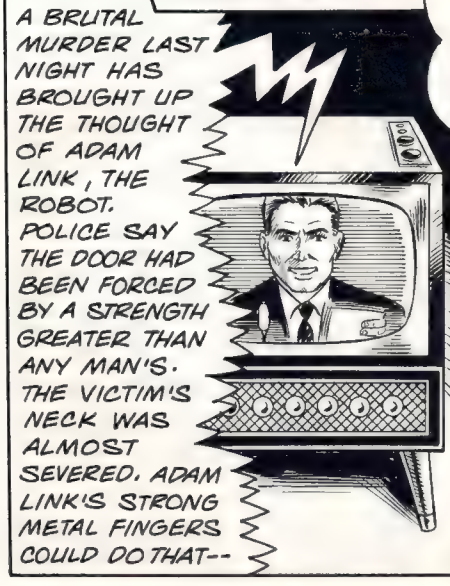
I COULD FEEL HER POOR, DAZED MIND TOTTERING. I WANTED TO RUSH TO HER, COMFORT HER, AS ANY HUMAN WOULD RUSH TO HIS LOVED ONE IN DISTRESS...



BUT HILLORY MADE ME STAY WHERE I WAS.



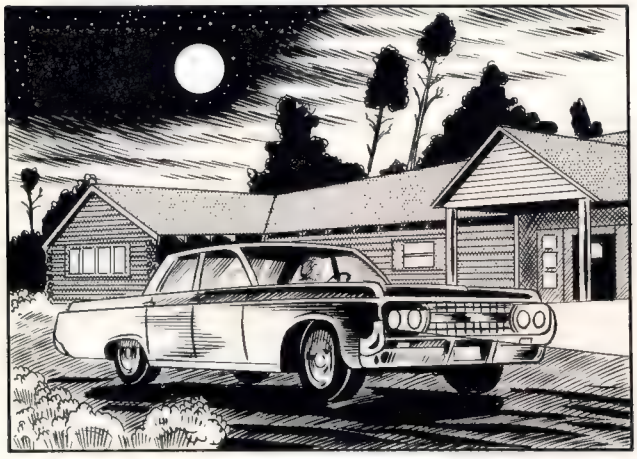
THE NEXT DAY THE TELEVISION BLARED ANGRILY...

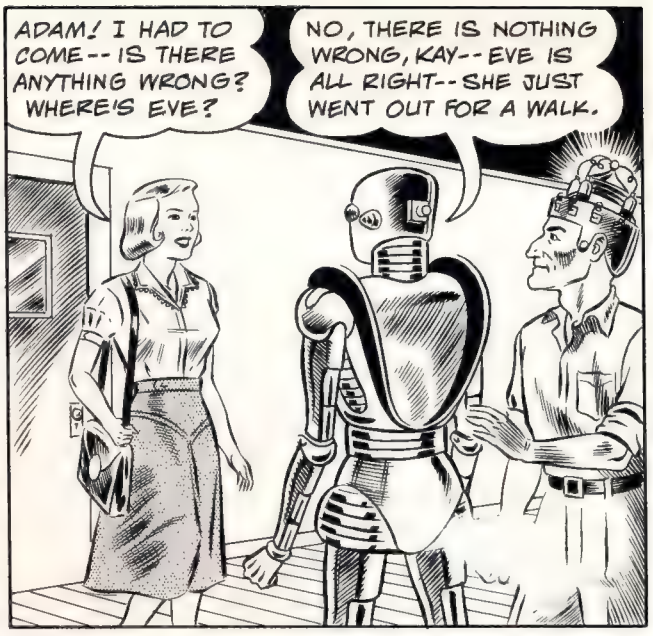

A BRUTAL MURDER LAST NIGHT HAS BROUGHT UP THE THOUGHT OF ADAM LINK, THE ROBOT. POLICE SAY THE DOOR HAD BEEN FORCED BY A STRENGTH GREATER THAN ANY MAN'S. THE VICTIM'S NECK WAS ALMOST SEVERED. ADAM LINK'S STRONG METAL FINGERS COULD DO THAT--

BUT YOU ARE BEING BLAMED, ADAM LINK. THE MYTH OF THE FREE-WILLED ROBOT WHO CAN DO ONLY GOOD IS BEING DESTROYED. WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN DEFINITELY BRANDED AS THE MURDERER, I WILL ANNOUNCE THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES...

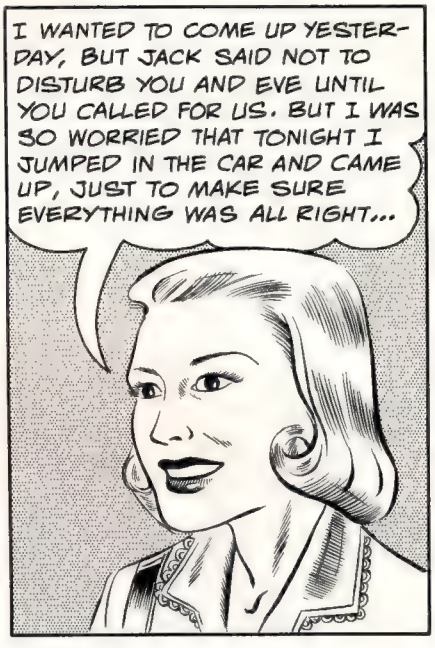
THAT MENTAL CONTROL IS THE ONLY WAY TO HANDLE THE ROBOT PROBLEM THAT HAS ARISEN BEFORE MANKIND. I AM DOING THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE--I AM GIVING THE GREAT GIFT OF ROBOT-LABOR IN A SAFE, SURE WAY.

HILLORY SENT EVE OUT AGAIN THE NEXT NIGHT. HIS SLY LOOK TOLD OF SOME OTHER HIDEOUS DEED IN MIND. A MAN OF HIS TEMPERAMENT AND CHARACTER UNDOUBTEDLY MADE MANY PERSONAL ENEMIES. A SHORT TIME LATER, A CAR'S MOTOR AND BRAKES SOUNDED OUTSIDE, AND THEN ITS HORN...

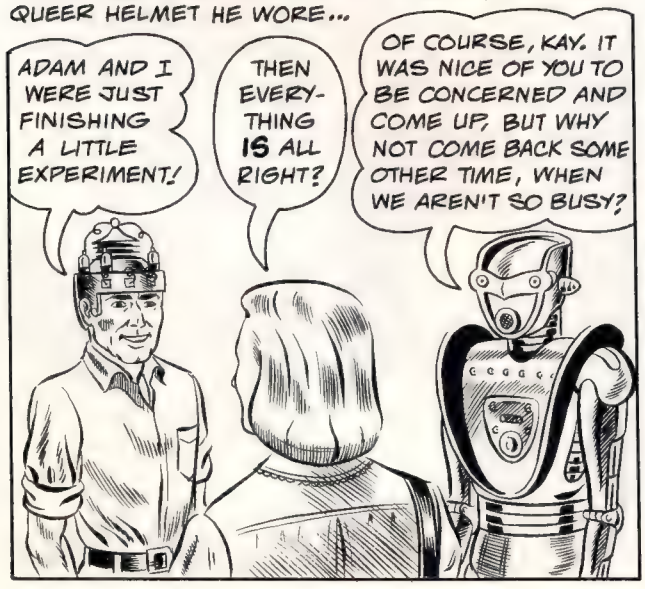



ADAM! I HAD TO COME--IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG? WHERE'S EVE?
NO, THERE IS NOTHING WRONG, KAY--EVE IS ALL RIGHT--SHE JUST WENT OUT FOR A WALK.

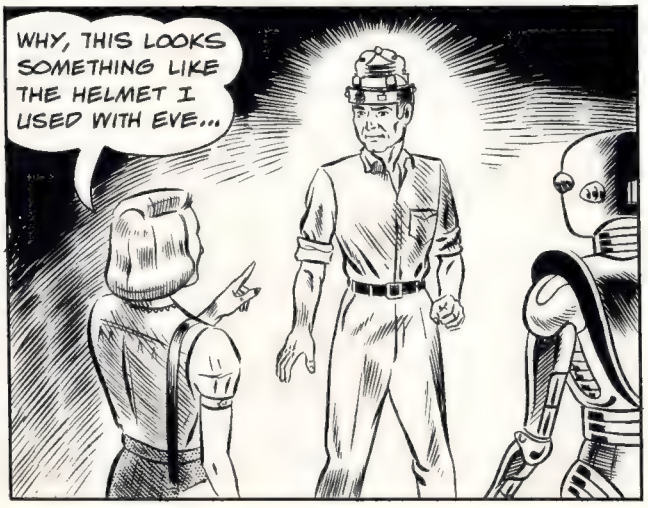
THE WORDS HAD BEEN PROJECTED FROM HILLORY'S MIND. I HAD NO POWER TO STOP THEM, OR UTTER WORDS OF MY OWN...


I WANTED TO COME UP YESTERDAY, BUT JACK SAID NOT TO DISTURB YOU AND EVE UNTIL YOU CALLED FOR US. BUT I WAS SO WORRIED THAT TONIGHT I JUMPED IN THE CAR AND CAME UP, JUST TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT...

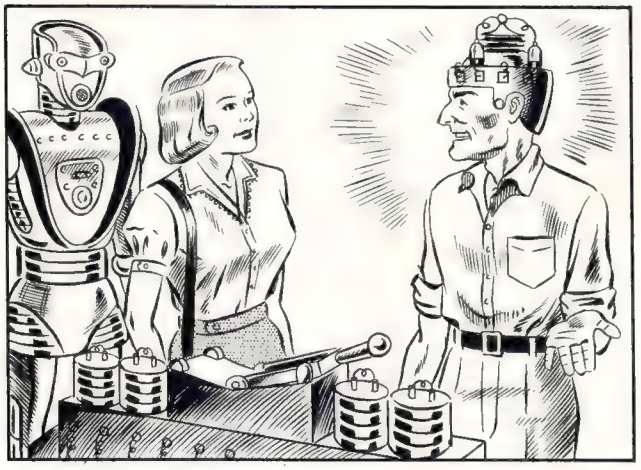
THERE WAS STILL A TRACE OF DOUBT IN HER VOICE. SHE WAS STARING AT HILLORY, AND THE QUEER HELMET HE WORE...


ADAM AND I WERE JUST FINISHING A LITTLE EXPERIMENT!
THEN EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT?
OF COURSE, KAY. IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO BE CONCERNED AND COME UP, BUT WHY NOT COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME, WHEN WE AREN'T SO BUSY?

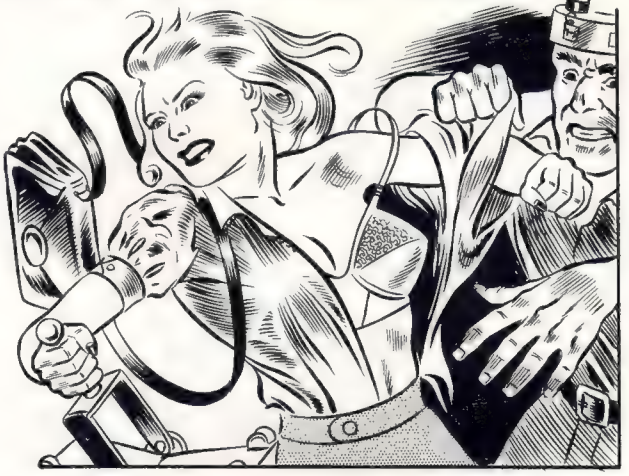
HILLORY'S WORDS, OF COURSE, THROUGH MY HELPLESS BRAIN AND LARYNX BY PROXY. I STRAINED TO PUT IN A NOTE OF WARNING, OR DISTRESS--BUT A ROBOT'S VOICE IS IN THE FIRST PLACE DEVOID OF HUMAN EMOTION...



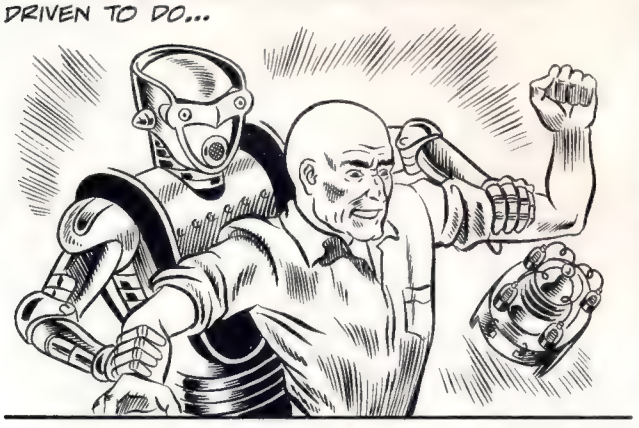
I COULD SEE HILLORY'S IMPATIENCE FOR HER TO GO. BUT HE COULD NOT AFFORD TO AROUSE HER SUSPICIONS. HE KNEW THAT SHE AND JACK WERE MUCH MORE MY FRIENDS THAN THEY COULD EVER BE OF HILLORY. HE BEGAN TO DESCRIBE THE "EXPERIMENT" IN VAGUE, MEANINGLESS TERMS...



SUDDENLY, KAY MOVED. SHE MOVED WITH A SWIFTNESS AND PURPOSE THAT STARTLED US BOTH. HER HAND GRASPED THE SWITCH CUTTING OFF CURRENT TO THE HELMET. HILLORY RECOVERED AND CLUTCHED AT HER WRIST. WITH A FURIOUS EFFORT, KAY OPENED THE SWITCH. THAT WAS ALL THAT I NEEDED...

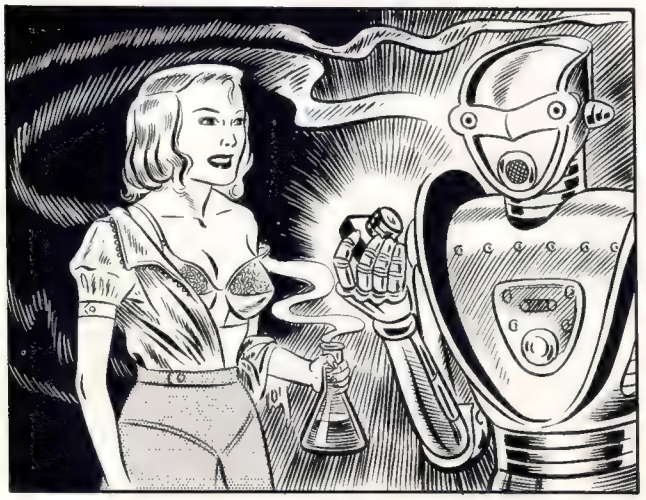


LET ME MAKE A CONFESSION AT THIS MOMENT. FOR ONE SPLIT INSTANT, WITH RAGE SHAKING EVERY CELL OF MY IRIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN, I THOUGHT OF TEARING HILLORY'S HEAD FROM HIS BODY. BUT ONLY FOR AN UNGUARDED INSTANT. THEN REASON CAME TO ME--IT WAS A THING I WOULD NEVER DO. AND A THING I WILL NEVER LET HAPPEN AGAIN--SAVE FOR THE DEED POOR EVE WAS DRIVEN TO DO...

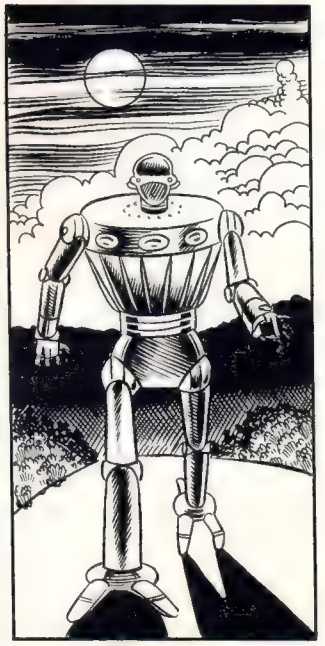


I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG, ADAM--I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE YOU WHO TOLD ME TO GO SO BRUSQUELY!
AND DR. HILLORY IS A POOR ACTOR!
WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHAT HORRIBLE--?

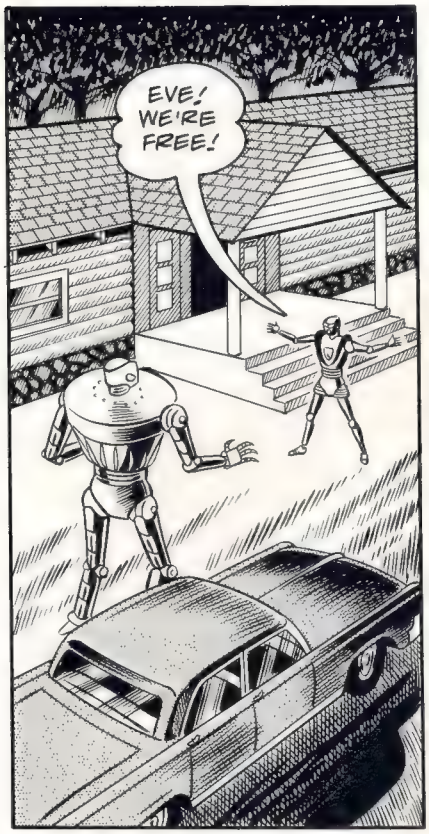
I TOLD THE STORY BRIEFLY. THEN, I INSTRUCTED HER TO GET A BOTTLE OF ACID AND APPLY IT TO THE INSTRUMENT WELDED TO MY SKULL-PIECE. A FEW MINUTES LATER THE VIBRATOR FELL AWAY. I WAS FREE ENTIRELY OF THE HELMET CONTROL!



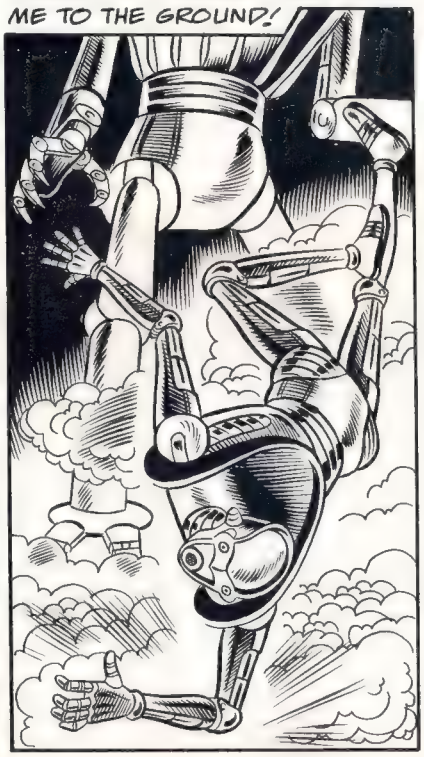
THERE WAS AN INTERRUPTION OUTSIDE...



SHE HAD COME BACK, ALSO RELEASED FROM THE MENTAL CONTROL. SHE STOOD BESIDE KAY'S CAR, SWAYING ON HER FEET, AS THOUGH UTTERLY DAZED AND LOST...

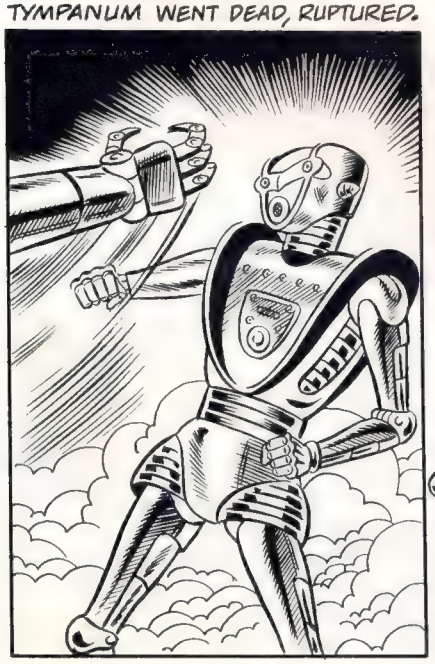


I SUPPOSE I FELT AT THAT MOMENT AS ANY MAN WOULD, WHEN HE AND HIS LOVED ONE ARE REUNITED AFTER A DEADLY PERIL HAS PASSED. I EXTENDED MY HAND, AND EVE TOOK IT WITH A GLAD CRY. THEN, SUDDENLY, SHE YANKED AT MY ARM--THROWING ME TO THE GROUND!

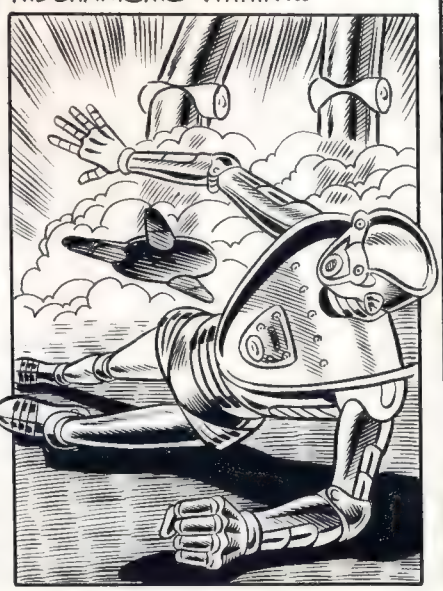


AS HER GREAT BODY CAME AT ME, I REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. I LEAPED TO MY FEET. A GLANCE OVER MY SHOULDER TOLD ME THE SITUATION--I SAW WITHIN THE THE OPEN, LIGHTED DOORWAY OF THE CABIN. LIKE A FOOL, I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT HILLORY--HE HAD PICKED UP THE HELMET, TURNED ON THE POWER, AND WAS FIGHTING KAY OFF. HILLORY HAD NO MORE CONTROL OVER ME, BUT HE DID HAVE OVER EVE!

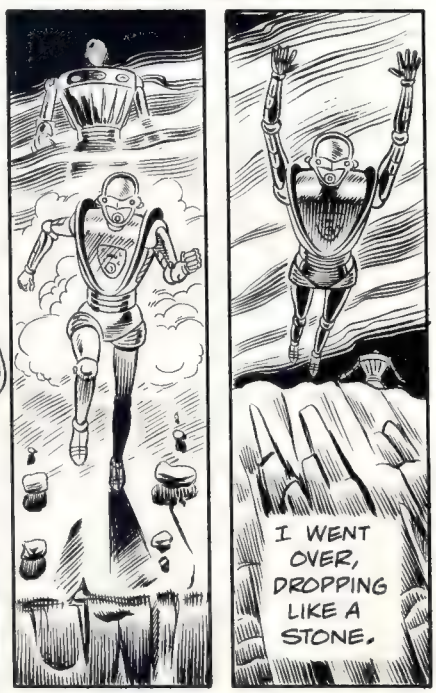
HER GIANT BODY CAME AT ME, UNDER HILLORY'S COMMAND. ITS MIGHTY ARMS CLUTCHED FOR ME, GRABBED ME, SQUEEZED WITH MACHINE-GIVEN POWER. MY FRONTAL PLATES GROANED--I SQUIRMED LOOSE SOMEHOW, AND STAGGERED BACK. A STUNNING BLOW FROM EVE'S POWERFUL HAND CAUGHT ME AT THE SIDE OF THE HEAD--MY LEFT TYMPANUM WENT DEAD, RUPTURED.



I KNEW THAT I HAD NO CHANCE. EVE WAS ALMOST TWICE AS HEAVY AND POWERFUL. MIGHTY BLOWS FROM HER GREAT FISTS THUNDERED AGAINST MY BODY--I DANCED OUT OF HER GRASP AND TRIED TO FLEE. IN THREE MIGHTY STRIDES EVE HAD CAUGHT UP, KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET. A POWERFUL LEG RAINED KICKS AT MY FALLEN FORM, DENTING METAL AND ENDANGERING DELICATE MECHANISMS WITHIN...

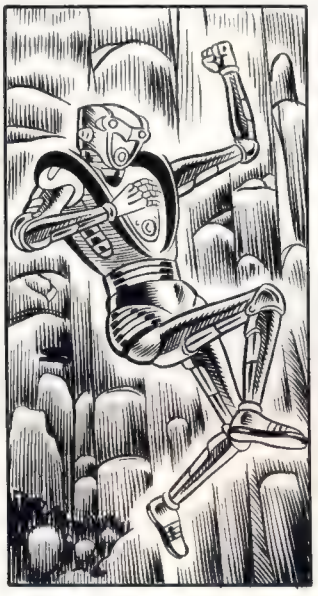


THE BATTLE COULD NOT LAST MUCH LONGER. I DID THE ONLY THING LEFT--I RAN. BUT THIS TIME TO THE CLIFF EDGE, WHERE THERE MIGHT BE AN ESCAPE. EVE'S HANDS CLUTCHED AT ME, AND THEN DREW BACK. HILLORY WAS WILLING TO LET ME PLUNGE OVER THE CLIFF, AND MEET DESTRUCTION FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW...

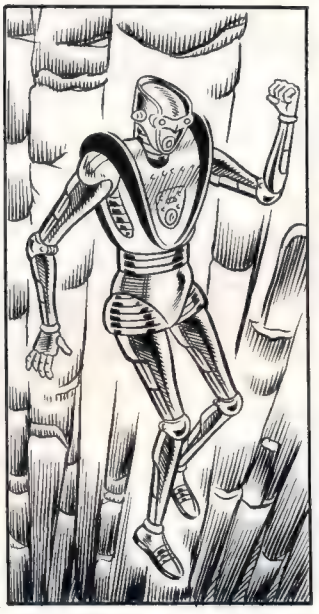


THE FALL SEEMED INTERMINABLE. IT IS SAID THAT YOU HUMANS, WHEN FALLING OR DROWNING, SEE YOUR WHOLE LIFE BEFORE YOUR MIND. I SAW MINE--NOT ONCE BUT A HUNDRED TIMES. EVERY DETAIL STOOD OUT WITH STARK CLARITY. BUT ONE VIVID THING STOOD OUT ABOVE ALL OTHERS--THE THOUGHT OF EVE, MY BELOVED CREATION, REMAINING ALIVE IN THE HANDS OF A HUMAN FIEND.

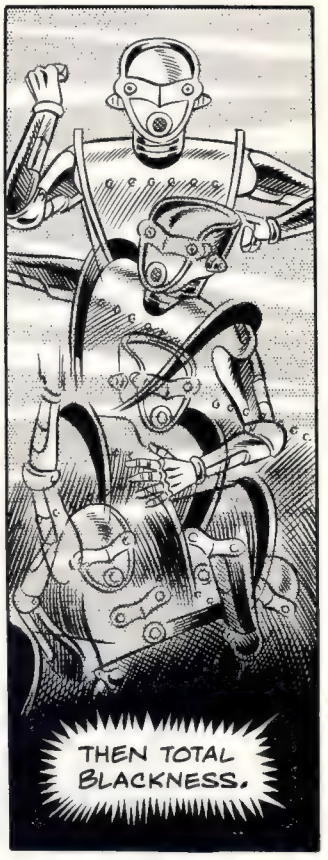
YET ONE PART OF MY BRAIN, AS I FELL, WAS COOL AND CALCULATING. IT KEPT TRACK OF MY DESCENT, COUNTING OFF THE FEET AND YARDS BY THAT AUTOMATIC SENSE OF TIMING AND MEASUREMENT WHICH IS A PART OF ME. A HUNDRED FEET TO THE GROUND! IT MADE MY ARMS AND LEGS FLAIL, SHIFTING MY CENTER OF GRAVITY...



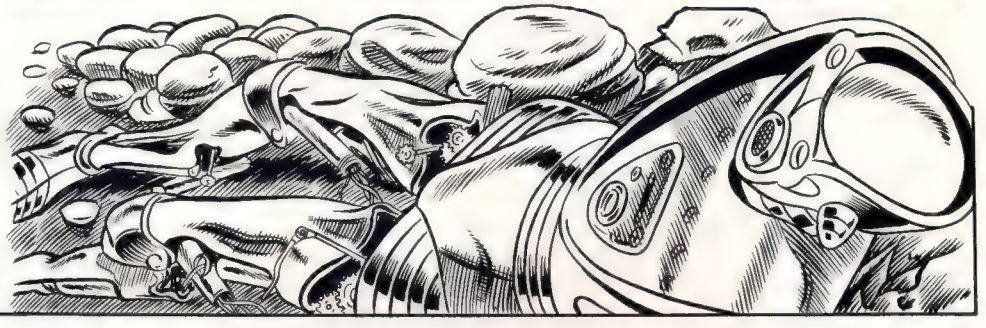
MY BODY HAD TURNED HEAD OVER HEELS FOUR TIMES IN FALLING. BUT WHEN I LANDED, IT WAS TO BE SQUARELY ON MY FEET. THE MOMENT MY FOOT-PLATES TOUCHED THE GROUND, MY LEG-MUSCLES WOULD FLEX, TAKING UP AS MUCH OF THE SHOCK AS POSSIBLE--IT MIGHT BE THE MARGIN TO SAVE ME...



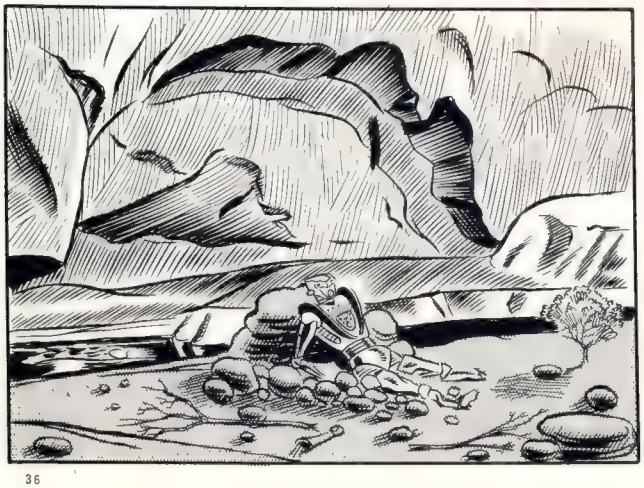
THE REST WAS A CLASH OF GRINDING, BENDING, BREAKING METAL THAT HORRIFIED MY OWN EAR...



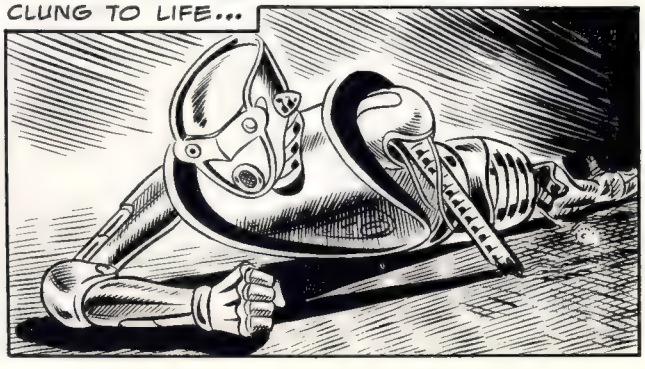
MY MIND SWAM OUT OF A BLUR. ONE EYE WAS WRECKED AND USELESS, BUT WITH THE OTHER I LOOKED OVER MY BODY. MY LEGS WERE TWISTED, BROKEN METAL--ONE ARM WAS TORN COMPLETELY OFF AND LAY TWENTY FEET AWAY. BUT I LIVED--I LIVED!



I HAD THROWN MYSELF OVER THE CLIFF--BUT NOT AS A SUICIDE. I HAD HOPED THIS MIRACLE WOULD HAPPEN. UP ABOVE, HILLORY MUST BE LOOKING DOWN--HE MUST BE SEEING THE FAINT PATCH OF METAL SHINING IN THE MOONLIGHT, UNMOVING. HE WOULD BE CERTAIN OF MY UTTER DESTRUCTION...



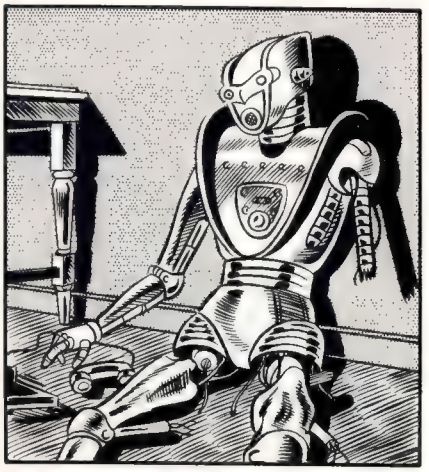
BEHIND ME TRAILED SHREDS AND TAGS OF METAL AS I BEGAN CRAWLING. MY STEEL BACKBONE, TO WHICH WAS ATTACHED THE BATTERY CASE, HEAD AND ARM, MOVED AS A UNIT, BUT MY LEGS WERE USELESS. THE SHATTERING OF MY BODY MEANT NOTHING--YET I KNEW AGONY. SOME FEW CRUSHED CELLS WERE WARPING MY ELECTRON-CURRENTS, CREATING A SORT OF HAMMERING STATIC. BUT I CRAWLED ALONG, LIKE SOME STRANGE HALF-MANGLED SLUG THAT STILL CLUNG TO LIFE...



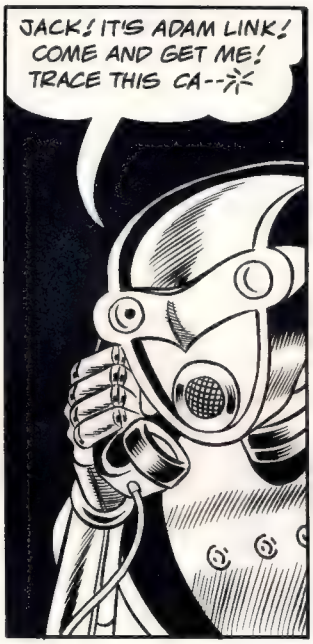
I CRAWLED ALL THAT NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY--I KNEW WHERE I WAS GOING, IF I COULD GET THERE. FORTY EIGHT HOURS LATER I HAD CRAWLED FIVE MILES...

BEFORE ME LAY THE FARMHOUSE... THE NEAREST ONE, I HAD KNOWN, TO MY HIDEAWAY. I MADE MY WAY IN...

WORKING AS SOUNDLESSLY AS I COULD, I FOUND THE TELEPHONE AND LIFTED THE RECEIVER. I WAS BARELY ABLE TO REACH IT--WITH MY ONE GOOD HAND I DIALED JACK'S NUMBER...

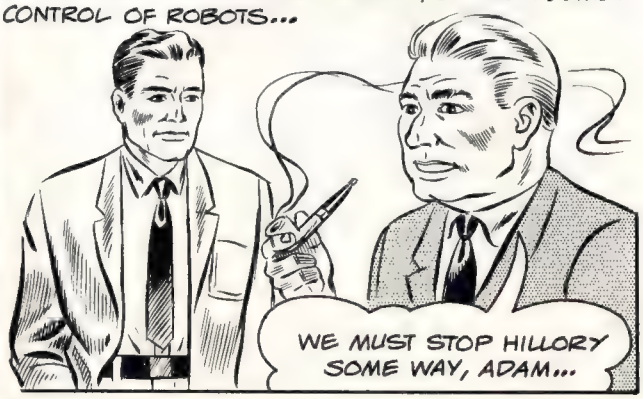


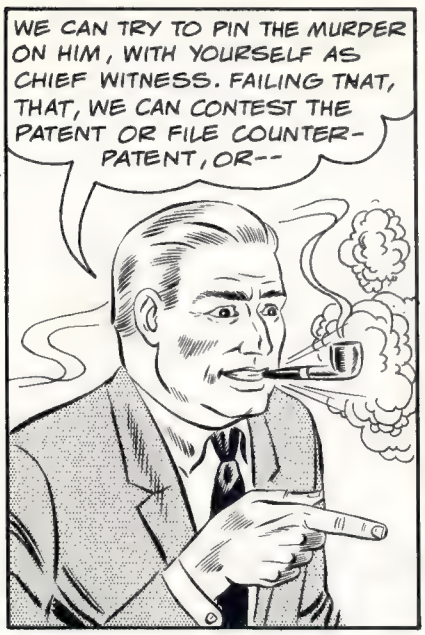
I HEARD THE RINGING OF THE PHONE ON THE OTHER END. I ALSO HEARD A STIR FROM ONE OF THE OTHER ROOMS.



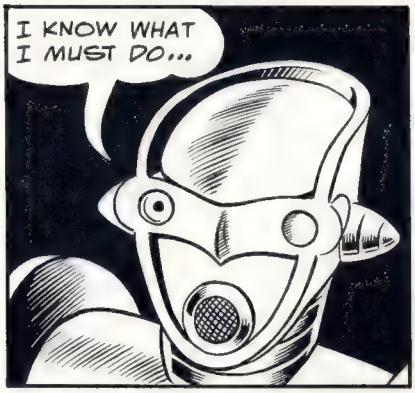
THE SECOND SHOT, BY ITS CONCUSSION, TUMBLED ME FLAT ON THE FLOOR, WHERE I FEIGNED DEATH AND LAY STILL. JACK ARRIVED WITHIN THE HOUR, AND TOOK ME AWAY, EXPLAINING TO THE FARMER AS INCOHERENTLY AS THE FARMER STAMMERED HIS OWN STORY. I WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE POOR MAN THOUGHT OF THE WHOLE EPISODE...

I TOLD MY STORY BRIEFLY TO JACK, KAY, AND MY "COUSIN", TOM LINK. KAY TOLD HERS--HILLORY HAD RELEASED HER, OF COURSE, AFTER I WAS GONE. IN A RED RAGE AT HILLORY, JACK HAD DRIVEN TO HIS PLACE THE NEXT DAY--YESTERDAY. HE HAD NOT MET HILLORY, ONLY THE MENACING FORM OF EVE, WHO WAVED FOR HIM TO LEAVE. HILLORY SPOKE, THROUGH EVE, SAYING HE WAS PREPARING PAPERS FOR PATENT, ON THE HELMET-CONTROL OF ROBOTS...

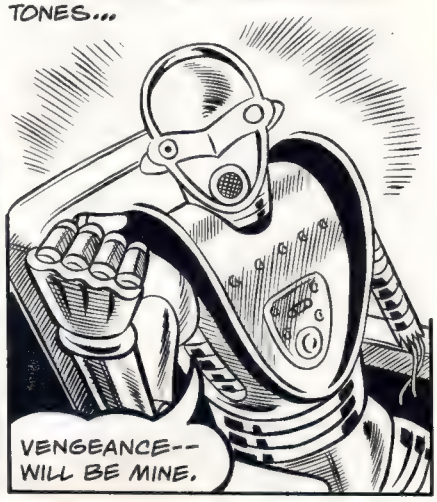



WE CAN TRY TO PIN THE MURDER ON HIM, WITH YOURSELF AS CHIEF WITNESS. FAILING THAT, THAT, WE CAN CONTEST THE PATENT OR FILE COUNTER-PATENT, OR--

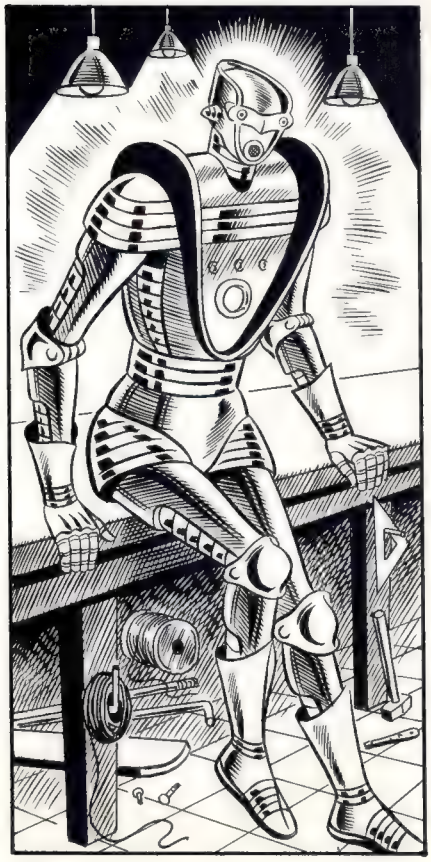
TOM, MY CREATOR'S BROTHER, WAS VAGUE, UNCERTAIN. IT WAS A TRICKY SITUATION. I THOUGHT OF A COURT TRIAL, WHICH I HAD ONCE SAT THROUGH, AND ALL THE CLUMSY MACHINERY OF LAW. AND I THOUGHT OF EVE IN HILLORY'S HANDS ALL THAT WHILE, GOING MAD PERHAPS...



MY VOICE MUST HAVE STARTLED THEM AS I BROKE IN. PERHAPS FOR ONCE SOMETHING OF THE BURNING EMOTION I FELT REFLECTED IN MY DEAD, MECHANICAL TONES...



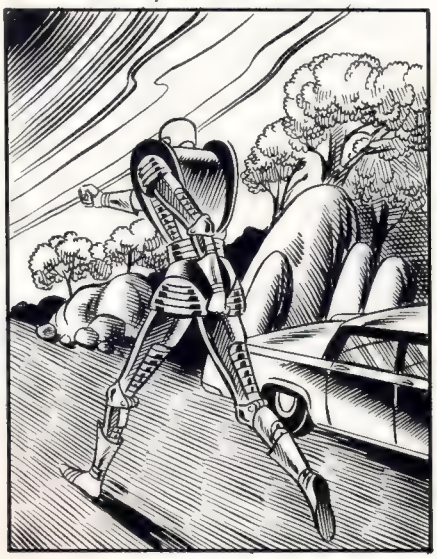
THREE DAYS LATER, WORKING DAY AND NIGHT AT AN ACCELERATED, DRIVING PACE, I HAD A NEW BODY. I WAS IN DR. LINK'S OLD WORK-SHOP--MY "BIRTHPLACE". TOM HAD LOCKED THE PLACE WITHOUT REMOVING ITS CONTENTS--I HAD BEEN CREATED HERE, OVER A YEAR BEFORE. NOW A NEW ADAM LINK WAS REPLACING THE OLD. TOM AND JACK, UNDER MY INSTRUCTIONS, CONNECTED ME TO A BROKEN, PARTLY DISMANTLED ROBOT BODY THAT DR. LINK HAD FIRST MADE FOR ME, THEN DISCARDED. MY NEW BODY WAS EIGHT FEET TALL...



AT LAST IT WAS DONE AND I PREPARED TO LEAVE. KAY, JACK AND TOM WORE SOLEMN FACES. WITHIN, I WAS SOLEMN TOO...

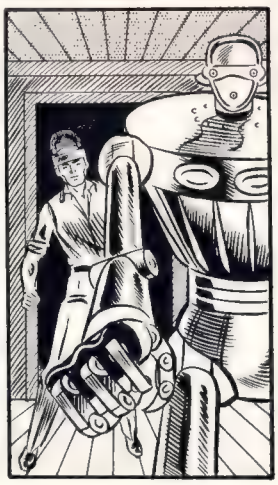
KAY BURST INTO TEARS. SHE LOVED EVE AS MUCH AS I...

I LEFT. I TOLD THEM TO COME UP, IF I DID NOT RETURN IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS, WITH THE POLICE...

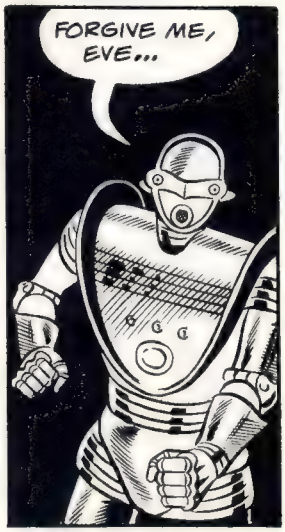


I WAS THERE AT DAWN. THE CABIN DOOR FLEW OPEN WHEN HILLORY SPOTTED ME...

HE DARTED BACK IN, OBVIOUSLY TO HIS HELMET CONTROL, AND EVE'S GREAT FORM LUMBERED OUT TO MEET ME...

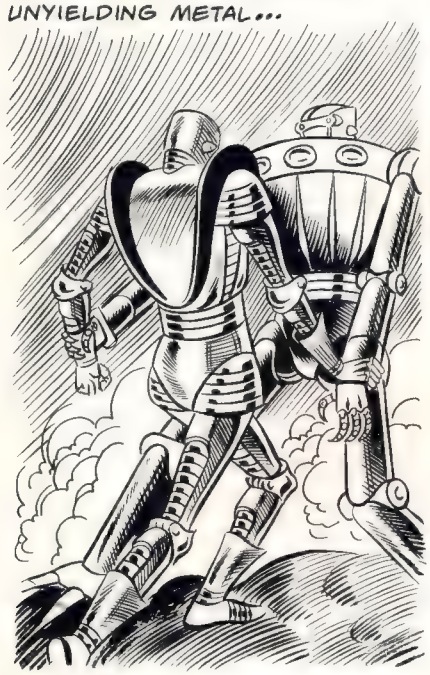


THIS I KNEW WAS INEVITABLE...

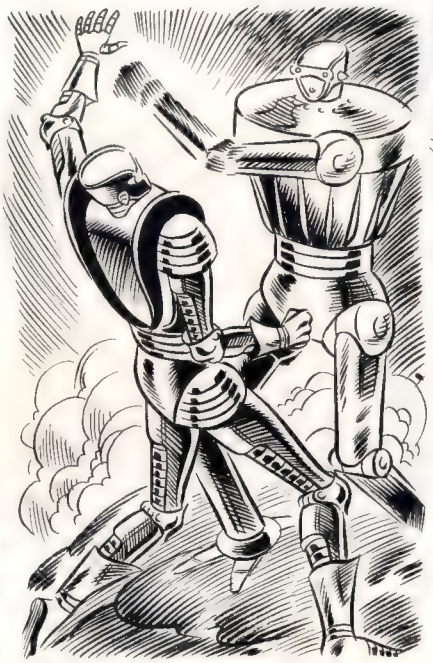


AND THEN WE WERE BATTLING...

WE CAME TOGETHER WITH A CLANG THAT RESOUNDED THROUGH THE STILL MOUNTAIN AIR LIKE A CANNON'S ROAR. WE LOCKED ARMS, STRAINING TO THROW EACH OTHER,--BUT NOW I WAS NO LONGER AT A DISADVANTAGE. WE WERE EVENLY MATCHED. TWO ROBOTS CONSTRUCTED FOR MAXIMUM SPEED AND ENDURANCE. UNYIELDING METAL AGAINST UNYIELDING METAL...

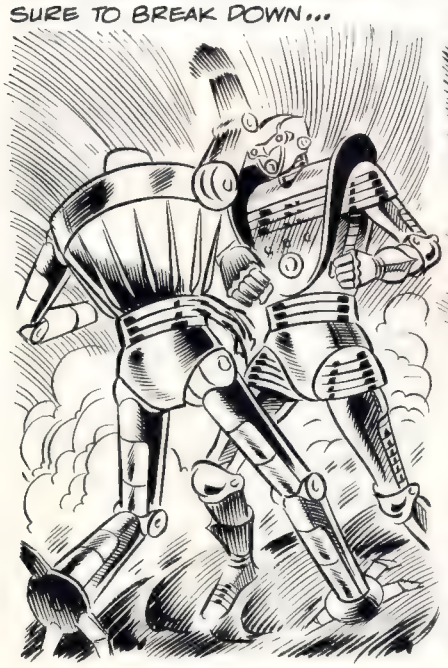


MAILED FISTS CLANKED AGAINST OUR ADAMANT ARMORS. WITHIN US, GEARS, COGS AND WHEELS CLASHED IN SPURTS AND REVERSES AS WE WEAVED AND DANCED AROUND LIKE BOXERS IN A RING. SUDDENLY MY ADVERSARY--I NO LONGER THOUGHT OF HER AS EVE, BUT HILLORY-- SMASHED HIS GIANT FIST AT MY HEAD, AND SENT ME SPRAWLING BACKWARD...

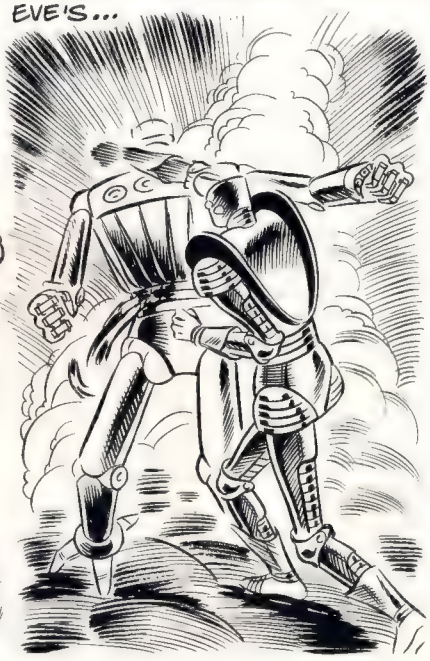


THEN, AS I LAY SLIGHTLY STUNNED, HE PICKED ME UP BY MY HEEL AND ARM AND FLUNG ME OVER HIS HEAD. I LANDED WITH A METALLIC CRASH. THE NEXT SECOND A HUGE BOULDER WHIZZED PAST MY HEAD. THEN ANOTHER--BUT I WAS DODGING. HE CAME AT ME, HAMMERING AT MY SKULL-PIECE WITH HIS PONDEROUS ARMS. HE SOUGHT TO DESTROY MY BRAIN...

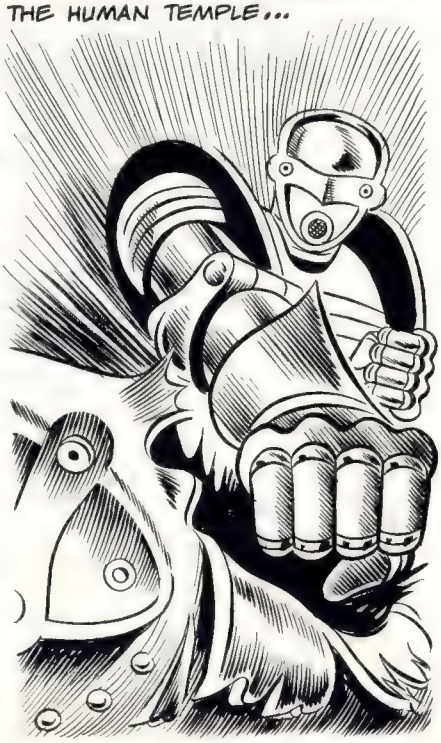
WE FOUGHT ON, LIKE TWO INSANE GIANTS. OUR COLOSSAL BLOWS AT ONE ANOTHER WOULD HAVE FELLED THE LARGEST DINASAUR OF EARTH'S SAVAGE PAST. OUR MECHANICAL APPARATUS WITHIN BEGAN TO FEEL THE REPEATED SHOCK. PARTS WERE BEING STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT. IT COULDN'T GO ON FOREVER-- ONE OF US WOULD BE SURE TO BREAK DOWN...



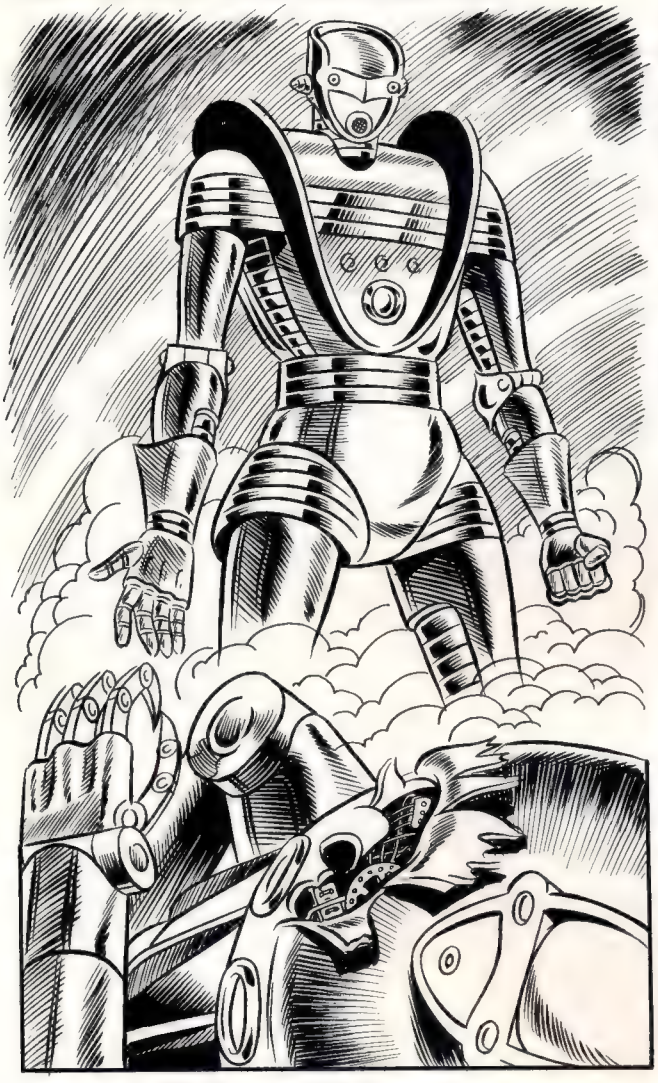
I HAD A DIM HOPE THAT MY ENEMY WOULD FIRST. HILLORY HAD HAD TO FIGHT BY PROXY. I HAD FOUGHT FROM A CLOSER RANGE. I HAD GOTTEN MORE TELLING BLOWS IN... HIS INNER MECHANISMS HAD RECEIVED THE HEAVIEST JOLTING. I PUNCHED AT THE HEAD AS OFTEN AS I COULD, JARRING THE BRAIN WITHIN--EVEN THOUGH IT WAS EVE'S...



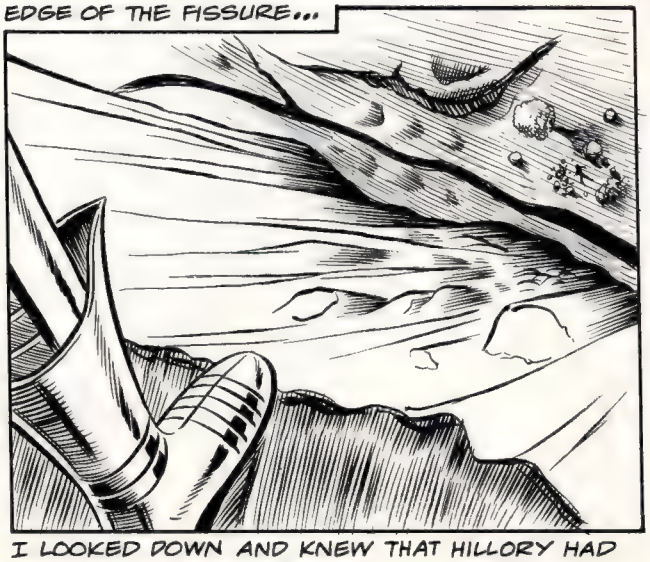
I CANNOT DESCRIBE THE HOLLOW ACHE THAT CAME WITH THE THOUGHT OF WINNING BY KILLING EVE. BUT I HAD TO WIN. I SUMMONED EVERY ELECTRON-CURRENT OF POWER INSIDE MY STEEL BODY AND AIMED ANOTHER BLOW, STRAIGHT FOR WHAT WOULD BE THE HUMAN TEMPLE...



SUDDENLY IT WAS OVER. THE OTHER ROBOTS ARMS DROPPED. THERE WAS A STUNNED, DAZED AIR ABOUT THE WHOLE BODY. IT SWAYED A MOMENT, THEN ITS KNEE SWIVELS BENT AND IT CRASHED TO EARTH. FOR A LONG MOMENT I STARED. I HEARD NO SOUND-- IT LAY UTTERLY RIGID, QUIET. AND THEN I REALIZED IT WAS DEAD. THE BRAIN HAD DIED FIRST-- MY FINAL BLOW HAD KILLED EVE...

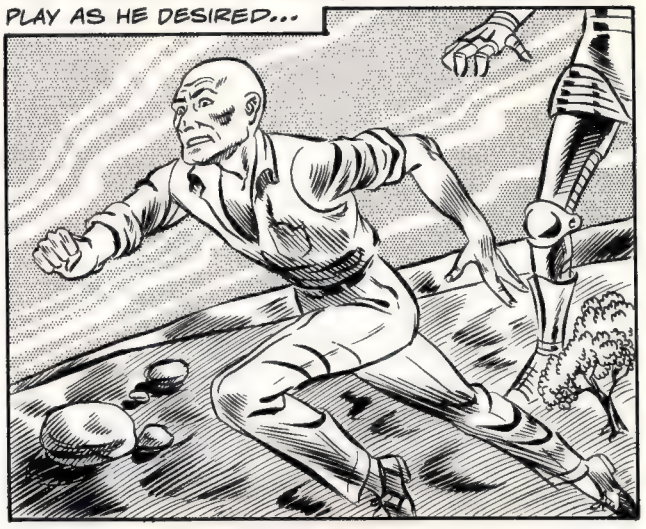


I DUG MY FOOT-PLATES INTO THE SOIL AND LEANED BACKWARD, BARELY HALTING AT THE EDGE OF THE FISSURE...



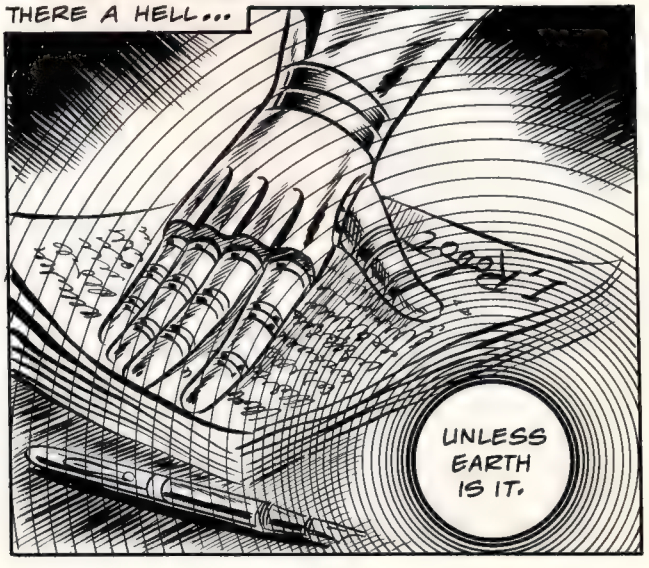
I LOOKED DOWN AND KNEW THAT HILLORY HAD NOT SURVIVED THE FALL.

SLOWLY, MY STEPS DRAGGING, I STRODE FOR THE CABIN, TO CONFRONT THE MAN WHO HAD KILLED EVE. THE MAN WHO CONSIDERED US NOTHING MORE THAN MECHANICAL PUPPETS, WITH WHICH HE COULD PLAY AS HE DESIRED...



HE RAN PAST THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, TAKING THE SHORTEST COURSE TO THE ROAD. ABRUPTLY A GREAT PIECE OF THE CLIFF EDGE PARTED FROM ITS MATRIX. THE STUPENDOUS VIBRATIONS OF OUR BATTLE HAD LOOSENED THE PIECE...

I AM WRITING THIS NOW, IN THE CABIN. WHEN I AM DONE, I WILL GO WITH EVE. THERE MAY NOT BE A HEAVEN FOR ROBOTS. BUT NEITHER IS THERE A HELL...



hemisphere was so incredibly apathetic and stoic. Parents were so ready to believe any emotional appeal that was introduced to them, and the unmitigated egoism and smugness that dominated them dictated that they blame someone else, namely the trash publishers, rather than their own apathy and ignorance towards their children.

I doubt if, in today's self-proclaimed "aware society," Wertham's appeal to emotionalism would work: "Your kid is being perverted by warmongers and mafioso money-grubbers!" Maybe parents would put up with it, and would indeed accept Wertham's irresponsible indiscretion in lumping it all, good and bad, into one big bad bag. I don't know, but I sincerely doubt if the kids of today would. They would neither stand for the foundless persecution. They've had much too much rebellious precedent set for them by their older brothers. And I also doubt if they would put up with the trash product itself. Jim Warren's competitors, with their 1940s reprints of abortions of quality are in serious trouble, and are barely making a buck. The comic book industry has never recovered from Wertham. His assaults changed trends so much that quality the like of EC has never been duplicated. I'm not saying it won't be -- there is certainly rekindled interest in certain professional areas of the field, but as Kyle says, Eisner and Kurtzman and Krigstein have left, and who remains? Kirby and Steranko and Adams are the only guys who, I feel, are living up to even their own aesthetic devotions to graphic art. They are the only people who are doing anything in spite of the pettiness of money-oriented, big-business-oriented comic companies.

Artists are dependent on good stories, of course, for interest in aesthetics of their own initiative. This is where one of the serious problems lies, for who in the field is capable today of producing Warren's "Rock God" by Neal Adams and Harlan Ellison? Ellison isn't a comic book writer, for heaven's sake, but his work was beautiful. Was it any better than anything from EC?

No. The writers can't or won't write, the artists, capable though they may be if we scratch deep enough into their interiors, won't draw. Nobody gives a damn, nobody cares.

Wertham hurt. The Kurtzmans and Eisners and Krigsteins were badly hurt, even though we rationalize along with them.

Harvey Sobel
11 Bette Lane
Commack, New York 11725

I have only read one issue of GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE, and that was number 11. I am sorry to say that I was disappointed. Considering the time it took to be issued and delivered, the magazine dealt with a topic unfamiliar and uninteresting to me. I hope that other readers will profit from having the entire issue devoted to Will Gould. I did not. Some anecdotes were enjoyable, but on the whole I had to force myself to read what was already paid for.

Jerry DeFuccio
MAD Magazine
485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #12 mad the rounds of this office, and it's gratifying to see an "old timer" get his due attention. Basil occupied a good portion of my high school days, when raw uranium wouldn't melt in my mouth, and just the act of purchasing one of his comic books on lunch-hour was a heroic act. You see, the Jesuits of St. Peter's Prep deemed Leo's Candy Store off limits on school hours. Punishment entailed expulsion.

I recall there was a big handsome black who hung out at Leo's. He'd open the bundle of magazines in the morning and tout me on whatever came in. Like myself, he was a Powerhouse Pepper fan and we'd choke over it, with a bottle of Pepsi and a penny pretzel, at 8:45 in the morning, no less. Now I can't even swallow toast at that hour. About ten years ago I ran into the same black coming out of CBS TV. He hailed me, I didn't recognize him. He recalled the "old days at Leo's dirty candy store." He was singer Roy Hamilton, who had a hit with "Unchained Melody" in the 1950s. Sadly, he died in 1969, with a throat affliction.

Alain Resnais
70 Rue Des Plantes
Paris 14, France

Just a line to express my enthusiasm about your number 11. I read it from cover to cover without being able to stop. Thanking you for giving such a pleasure to your readers, I send you my best wishes.

By the way, Alex Toth's interview was great, too. Is not that the proof the postman always rings twice? Waiting eagerly for the third and number 12, and 13.

Ron Harris
303 College Avenue
Palo Alto, Calif. 94306

GSM's special Will Gould issue was sheer joy to read. In reading about the early days of newspaper strips, I'd often wondered what it was really like. Gould's comments breathed new life into what must have been quite an era to have lived through. I wonder how many had, like myself, never heard of either Will Gould or RED BARRY -- a little before my time -- and now finds himself a devoted fan of both. Rather than reel off superlatives, I'll simply say: a magnificent, unforgettable issue.

Stan Pitt's remarks on the "Raymond Syndrome" deserve comment, too. One of the most severe drawbacks of subscribing to a "school," of following the style of another artist, is that in assuming the artistic style of another artist, is that in so doing the follower almost always assumes his idol's viewpoint as well. The subscriber to the Raymond school not only draws people or backgrounds the way Raymond did. His whole concept of how a story is broken down into panels, of how each panel is laid out, is all affected and shaped to a greater or lesser extent by Raymond's practices. This limits the young artist severely, for in following his idol's work slavishly, he is not permitting his own viewpoint to come to the surface. After a while, the artist's imagination and individuality have become submerged entirely. Yet it is this imagination and individuality that are the artist's most important assets. Every person has his own unique outlook, shaped by his environment, by what he is taught, what he learns, what he does. True, his imagination will always be limited to some degree by "the way things were done before," unless he lives totally isolated from anyone else's work but his own. But the artist's goal should be to exercise his own merits, to be himself as much as possible in his work. Otherwise the potential of another individual viewpoint is lost forever. The comic art medium cannot be "advanced...to its farthest point" by defining from the outset that one's work is to be limited by the parameters established by another.

My own semi-idol, Milton Caniff, ended up with God knows how many followers of varying degrees of intensity. Some, like Ray Bailey, became so engrossed in worshipping Caniff that all he ever was was "that guy who draws like Caniff." Both his story breakdown and panel composition suffered from looking through someone else's eyes.

Some time ago I was considering embarking on a similar course. I changed my mind, partly due to various arguments in GSM, but mostly because I could never feel comfortable smothering myself with the conventions of someone else, no matter how much I admired his work. Sure,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

War Machine

You must fight for what you BELIEVE IN!
BUT I BELIEVE IN PEACE!
But Some people don't, So they'll step on you and squash you like flies!
THEY WON'T HURT US IF WE DON'T RESIST THEM!
I WISH YOU COULD SEE THE FOLLY OF YOUR OWN!
I FIGHT TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF ALL PEOPLE, INCLUDING YOURS, UNFORTUNATELY
IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULD HAVE NO RIGHTS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO SIT THERE AND PROTEST MY ACTIONS! BUT I FIGHT TO PROTECT YOUR RIGHT TO DO THAT! I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET OFF OF YOUR UNGRATEFUL ASS AND MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE PROTECTION OF LIBERTY!
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. I JUST WANT PEACE.....
WELL GODDAMMIT I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY UNTIL YOU EARN IT!
SPLAT!

LOOK! THE MACHINE HAS KILLED ONE OF US!
HE WAS A PEACE-LOVING MAN, JUST AS WE ARE.
KILL THE MACHINE!
NO! I TOO WANT PEACE, BUT....
SHIT ON YOU, MACHINE!
BITE THE WEENIE!
KILL...
DESTROY
CRUNCH! RIP! WRECK!
WE'VE DONE IT, BROTHERS! THE DAMN MACHINE IS DESTROYED AND NOW WE CAN HAVE PEACE!
RUMBLE!!
LOOK!
THOSE AREN'T OUR MACHINES!
RUMBLE
SQUASH!
PEACE!

NAME GAMES By Hames

As a child I recall vividly spending an afternoon playing with my name. Names held a fascination for me even back then, and I guess like most kids I figured if I spelled my name backward I could be somebody else -- somebody more mysterious. I was fortunate in that my name could be spelled backward, so that was about as far as I got at that particular stage. Other friends with names that would not lend themselves to being easy on the eye and tongue in backwards form were more ingenious by necessity. They mixed the letters up and came out with anagrams of the originals.

In the comic book business about this same time, grown men were playing these same name games. In some cases there were very important reasons for being somebody else on the byline signed to a comic book feature, but we kids never knew this or cared. For us, trying to decipher comic book bylines was an extension of our own game with names and our only purpose was having fun. But, as an adult trying seriously to research who did what for the WHO'S WHO OF COMIC BOOK ARTISTS, approaching these same comic book bylines has been both maddening and fascinating.

Never, to my knowledge, has there been an article published that set forth the various types of names that confront the serious researcher of the American comic book. I am speaking of the bylines signed to comic book features, as opposed to names of comic book characters -- another story, too, hardly tapped.

Since this article may be breaking new ground on the subject, I expect and welcome additions and differences of definition. In researching the WHO'S WHO, Jerry Bails and I have been juggling something close to three thousand names of real and fictitious people appearing as bylines on comic book features from 1934 to the present. Of this number we have painstakingly verified close to one thousand of these names as real comic book artists. The other two thousand are made up of writers, and the names that this article will deal with: house names, shop names and pseudonyms.

HOUSE NAMES

For our purposes the pulps will do quite nicely as a focal point of the house name. It allows us to make "house" and publisher one and the same. For a definition, a house name is a fictitious name coined by the publisher and used as a byline regardless of what real person may write the feature on which the name appears. Different writers may come and go on a feature, but this house name continues to appear as a byline.

Maxwell Grant and Kenneth Robeson are house names, though it is true that Walter Gibson and Lester Dent wrote under them respectively more often than others. The publisher's reason for creating and using house names as bylines on their features assured them that the writers would not become as or more important to the readers than the lead character in the stories. Clever readers could easily notice a difference in writing styles, but clever people have seldom influenced publisher's notions of what the general public would accept.

To see the house name at work in the comic book, the best place to look is in the comic books of publishers who were also big in pulp publishing, particularly Fiction House. Here, though writers and artists came and went, names like Thornecliffe Herrick and Drew Murdoch continued to appear on features from the company's inception to its demise.

Fiction House, as well as MLJ and some of the other companies, used house names in the earliest days of comic books of the late 1930s and early '40s. But, unlike the other companies, Fiction House continued to use them right through to the 1950s. Because of this fact, Fiction House is the best place to see the house name used right alongside its counterpart unique to comic books, the shop name.

SHOP NAMES

Depending on one's point of view, shop names could go back at least as far as Alexandre Dumas and probably farther. Dumas was a real writer, but it's said that a number of his students working together produced some of the novels which bear his name alone.

House names might have become more popular in comic books than they did if that amazing phenomenon of the comic book--the art "shop"--hadn't come along. The shops that produced so much of the artwork found in the American comic book deserve several volumes. If you sifted through every book and fan magazine dealing with the comic book you wouldn't find three informed articles about the shops. This will change, hopefully, as professionals and people close to them begin to plumb first-hand memories about this phenomenon. As far as I've been able to discover, all or most of the shop owners are still living. S. M. Iger is, as is Jack Binder who recently turned over his shop records to Jerry Bails for inclusion in our WHO'S WHO. As for Harry Chesler and Lloyd Jacquet, I'm not sure, though the former is supposed to still maintain the building his shop once occupied.

The story of the shops can never be fully known without the interviewing of these men. Personalities aside, the fact is that these men did play a tremendous part in comics. But if they refuse to be interviewed, certainly the artists who worked for them in the shops will render invaluable memories and information. I hope somebody's listening out there.

The part of shop life that I'm dealing with in this article concerns only the bylines that appeared on the features that originated there. True enough, some real people signed the work they did through the shops with their real name, but more often a number of different people worked on the same story, making true credits impossible or at least not feasible. Hence, shop names.

A shop name, then, is a name coined in a shop which may or may not stand for a particular person involved with the feature on which the byline appears. This is the difference between a house name and a shop name. A house name is always fictitious. A shop name may be fictitious, too, but it doesn't necessarily have to be. If coined apart from a shop, some of these names representing real people would simply be pseudonyms.

Shop names could, and often did, stand for something or somebody and therefore had some relevancy either to the feature ("The Red Bee," by B.H. Apiary, for example) or to the author and/or artists involved on the feature, such as "Pete Nebird" -- Pete Riss and Otto Binder. Many shop names were pure jokes, like "Billy Clubb," "Ace N. Hoel," and innumerable others.

With shop names that originated with real people, the best examples are to be found in the wide variety of names stemming from the two co-

owners of the Eisner-Iger shop. Names like "Willis Rensie" and "Will Erwin" clearly originated with Will Eisner. If you're asking the logical question, "Why aren't these considered pseudonyms rather than shop names?," the answer lies in where they were coined. "Willis Rensie" appeared on "The Hawk" in JUMBO COMICS, and there's no question that Eisner created and drew and wrote the early stories. But the war took him off this and all other features. Another writer took over writing "The Hawk," and Robert Webb and David Heames did the art. But "Willis Rensie" still appeared as the byline for this feature. If for no other reason, that makes "Willis Rensie" a shop name no matter how many ways it spells Eisner.

Eisner partner S. M. "Jerry" Iger almost had enough names of his own to avoid making up others. He is referred to as "Jerry," "Sam," S.M. and other names depending on who you're talking to and at what period they worked with the man. On the shop features he was the origin for "S. M. Regi" and all other features that carried the names "Jerry" or "Maxwell" in their bylines. Eisner and Iger together were the source of the "William Erwin Maxwell" byline that appeared on "Doll Man." That Iger wrote each and every feature continuously that bears one of the Iger name variations, however, is questionable.

PSEUDONYMS If you are still confused about these arbitrary definitions, I'll try to summarize at the close of this article these definitions in as few words as possible. Right now, let's take a look at the last name category.

A pseudonym for our own particular definition, to set it apart from the others, is a self-coined name different from the actual name of the user and used only by that person.

Pseudonyms ran rampant in comic books, especially in the early days (though Stan Lee resurrected the practice in the 1960s with "Adam Austin," "Mickey Demeo," et al.) Like the shop names, there were sometimes serious reasons for an artist to use a pseudonym. Comic books, most professionals will candidly admit, were a rung in the ladder to something more "respectable" and higher paying. Some artists stepped on that rung on the way up, and, others, on the way down. Many got into comics and liked it and stayed there, and a rare few aspired to spend their lives there from the beginning. But most professionals fed their families by doing comic book art while they walked the streets looking for entry into animation jobs that paid well, or slick illustration, or a newspaper strip of their own. By signing a name other than their own to the comic books, perhaps they felt that if it did indeed prove to be only a rung in the ladder to success, this early work would not come back to haunt them. Some artists were actually embarrassed about working in comics, and never signed anything--real name, pseudonyms, initials, or what have you.

At any rate, for whatever their reasons, comic book artists utilized pseudonyms frequently. I shall always prefer to believe that the main source of their use of pseudonyms was the carry-over fascination of childhood name games: having fun.

These, then, are the names that one will find among the bylines of the comic books. To briefly summarize the definitions:

HOUSE NAME: A fictitious name coined by the publishing company representing no real person in particular.

SHOP NAME: A name coined in a shop which may be fictitious, facetious or factual in origin.

PSEUDONYM: A self - coined name different in some way from the actual name of the user, and used only by that person.

Let me quickly add a fourth category: ORIGINAL NAMES. Some artists legally changed their names midway through their careers -- Nicholas Viscardy/Nick Cardy, John Belcastro /Johnny Bell, Rubin Zuboffsky/Ruby Zuboff.

These are the types of names that confront the researcher of comic book history and the people who made that history. If, like Charles Dickens and W. C. Fields you have a love for names, then you will find a world of pleasure in the American comic book--and the WHO'S WHO volumes to be published soon.

Below are some representative examples of each type of name mentioned in the text. Some of the names are writers' names. I hope readers will send in their own particular favorites for each of the categories.

HOUSE NAMES

MLJ: Larry Harris, Cliff Campbell
FICTION HOUSE: Capt. A. E. Carrothers, Drew Murdoch, Thornecliffe Herrick, John Starr, Coleman Hart, R. W. Colt, Ace Atkins, Capt. Derek West, Maj. T. E. Bowen
ACG: Zev Zimmer, Ace Aquila, Shane O'Shea, Greg Olivetti

SHOP NAMES

WILL EISNER: Willis Rensie, Will Irwin, Irwin Wile
S. M. IGER: S. M. Regi, Jerry Williams, Jerry Thorpe, Jerry Maxwell, Sam
LOU FINE: Kenneth Lewis, Basil Berold
JOHN CELARDO: John C. Lardo
DANIEL ZOLNERWICH: Zolne Rowich, Dan Enloz
ALEX A. BLUM: Tony Boon, Alex Boone
MATT BAKER: Gregory Page
GEORGE TUSKA: George Aksut
PETE RISS and OTTO BINDER: Pete Nebird
OTTO and EARL BINDER: Eando Binder
CHAD GROTHKOPF and ALEX KOTZKY: Chad Grotsky
RAPHAEL ASTARITA: John Martin
ART G. PINAJIAN: Art Gordon
ROBERT FARRELL: Bob Farrow
BOB POWELL: Powell Roberts
HENRY FLETCHER: Fletcher Hanks
CECELIA MUNSON: Joe E. Woods
HENRY CARL KIEFER: Karl Kiev

PSEUDONYMS

HARRY V. PARKHURST: Harry Parks
MARV LEVY: Marv Lev
MIKE ROY: Michael Robard
ROSS ANDRU and MIKE ESPOSITO: Mike Ross
PAUL GUSTAVSON: Paul Carroll
SAM GLANZMAN: Sam Decker
STANLEY LIEBER: Stan Lee
RUBEN MOREIRA: Rubimor
CLYDE YEADON: Clyde Don
DAN GORDON: Dang
DON R. CHRISTENSEN: Don Arr
MORRIS WEISS: Wes Sirrom
KLAUS NORDLING: Ken Norwood, Karl North
ALEX KOSTUK: Alex Koster
LOUIS GLANZMAN: Lew Glanz
BOB FUJITANI: Bob Fuje
JACK COLE: Ralph Johns
AL CAMMARATA: Al Camy
LEE J. AMES: Lee James
VICTOR PAZMINO: Vep
ED WINIARSKI: Win
BOB WOOD and CHARLES BIRO: Woodro
BASIL WOLVERTON: Dennis Langdon
AL FELDSTEIN: Bill Brown

fireworks) THE GREAT GRAPHIC STORY MEDIUM. It has become a part of that medium in a very significant way.

If the Gould interview is even a small indication, the graphic story medium has a richer and more colorful heritage than I ever dreamed possible. By perpetuating and promoting this heritage, GSM becomes a part of it, not just some parasitic paramour. GSM itself becomes worthy of perpetuating. (Oh, God, I can see it now: "I remember Graphic Story Medium, the magazine, the man, the message." Somehow it seems a little hokey without the dust of time to brush it away.) I only wish that there were more Will Goulds extant who could be induced to share their work, their lives, and their ideas with interviewers who could do them as much justice as you did Gould. I hope also that you will bend a great deal more effort toward that goal, not excluding the experimentation of the Metzgers and Bodes and others, but lowering it a bit--just a bit--from its position of prominence, a redefinition of priorities as it were.

Jim Harmon
P. O. Box 38612
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038

Thanks for the two recent complimentary issues. I might say I also bought copies of these at the Cahuenga newsstand--not being sure of the Gould issue, not expecting the Wolverton at all. The Gould extra I gave to my close personal friend, Kirk Alyn -- who lived through Gould's era and often speaks of the same times and people.

I think Roy Thomas' comments were rather intemperate when he says my views are worthless if I don't appreciate Jack Kirby. As a matter of fact, I do appreciate Kirby. He developed an interesting technique, and might be compared to Alfred Hitchcock in the movies. However, certain others, notably Will Eisner, must be compared to D.W. Griffith. There is a difference between talent and genius. Unlike Roy Thomas, I am fully prepared for him to hold whatever opinion he pleases on any matter whatsoever.

I've finally got Steranko's HISTORY. It is fun to leaf through. He did a great job in digging up original artwork from his fellow artists. However, there seems to be about one error per type column, and no humor or perspective in the writing. I'm sure the average comic book freak will flip for it. And as I say, despite some shortcomings, I enjoyed it. I'm sure Roy Thomas will think my opinion worthless unless I loved it.

Gahan Wilson
P. O. Box 1052
Key West, Florida 33040

Issue #12 of your magazine took me back and also showed I had not gone back correctly before. My recollection was that Spacehawk turned out to be a robot, after all. Now I find he was this fellow with squinty eyes. I can't imagine how all this got past me unless it was that I liked the idea of Spacehawk turning out to be a robot so much I decided to ignore later developments. I have no memory at all of the following adventures.

Powerhouse Pepper had slipped my mind completely, and I had no idea that Wolverton ever drew Mickey Mouse. Or was that something he doodled on his own? Your use of the Pluto and Mickey in the process of space traveling for the back cover was excellent.

Bill Blackbeard
San Francisco Academy of Comic Art
2076 Golden Gate Avenue
San Francisco, Calif 94115

GSM #12 is, of course, a visual feast for Wolverton freaks--evan as you and I --and I thought the covers and interior layout, the selection of comic book covers, interiors, newspaper strips, and photos--the whole graphic job--was damn near flawless. Your mailing envelope, too, which I trimmed to file with the magazine, was as striking in its way as the Steranko envelope for his "comic history" book.

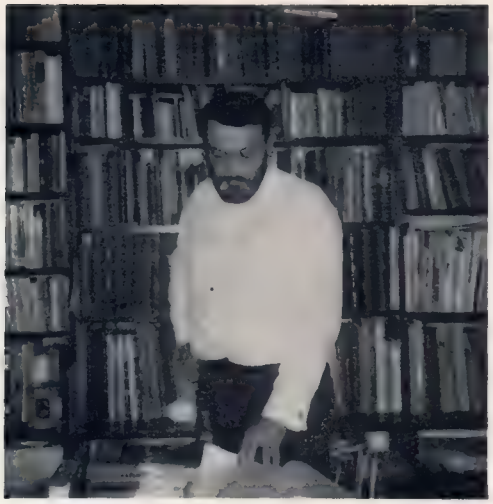
I've gone through the issue at least twenty times, tirelessly, finding fresh gems of detail and humor every time. A gem, a trove, a delight -- but, Bill, it's a goddam puzzle, too.

Nothing, after the first two text pages--with their uncredited Wolverton quotes--is captioned or explained. While some of the comic book work is indirectly and unspecifically clarified in Steele's interesting and informative text, much more is left in a referential void. The Mickey Mouse strip work of the early 1930s, based on Gottfredson's strip of the time, which you've utilized on the back cover and most of the unnumbered pages of the centerspread, appears without the least hint of its raison d'etre or date. There is no indication which of Wolverton's tentative and/or accomplished daily strip examples reprinted ever appeared in newspapers or the dates at which they were drawn or printed. Many readers will wonder whether Wolverton's film ads of the early '30s were done for studio pressbooks or for a local newspaper, and have no way of knowing that the latter was the case. The source of the fine spread on page 7 is a mystery. The purpose of the stunning array of figures on page 8 and 9 is left an enigma--but you can hardly be unaware of any of this. In fact, you must have already braced yourself for the bombardment of queries sure to follow distribution of this first half of the Wolverton coverage.

In regards to Steele's text on the comic book work--excellent commentary and history for the most part--I would object only to his unclear phrasing on page 12, which fails to avoid confusion on the part of the reader between TARGET issue numbers and Spacehawk episode sequences by simply stating at the outset that Spacehawk didn't appear in TARGET until issue #5. I think he is a bit hard on the repro quality on Wolverton's work in CIRCUS. It's all quite clear and precise in my copies--certainly it is superior as reproduction to some of the later Powerhouse Pepper pages turned out by GAY COMICS. He makes an obvious typo in the third line of the second column on page 20 which should have been caught in preparing copy: TESSIE has no connection with MILLIE, of course. He seems to see a difference in Spacehawk's face before and after his kiss with the "Earth girl" in TARGET #7 that I cannot detect. Finally, he seems unaware that Wolverton borrowed his alliterative dialogue concept from Cliff Sterrett, who used it from the early 1910s on in his POLLY AND HER PALS strip. But, again, I found Steele's data and observations fine stuff for the most part. I look forward to his final installment, of course.

The most obvious stylistic influence on Wolverton is particularly noticable in his sf and horror work such as "Nightmare World" in WEIRD TALES OF THE FUTURE #3, or the art you reproduce on the inside front cover, page 10, pages 12 and 13, and the whole of STEVE GROVER and SPACEHAWKS sequences: Elliot Dold, illustrator for the old Street & Smith ASTOUNDING STORIES of the 1930s, his own magazine, MIRACLE SCIENCE FICTION, DANGER TRAIL of the 1920s, and other pulps, where Wolverton could scarcely have missed seeing and being influenced by his work.

:: GSM's first Basil Wolverton issue purposely excluded certain captioning and other information that would only be duplicated in the second and concluding volume. Readers who've pondered any ambiguities and omissions in #12 are urged to order the second issue of our two-part Wolverton set. Dick Voll's exclusive interview with the artist provides all the answers, and more...



SAILOR SWEENEY
RAWHIDE KID
CRACKED
CRACKED
BIGGEST GREATEST
CRACKED

I first became aware of the extraordinary comic book work of John Severin when, in the spring of 1954, I purchased Two-Fisted Tales *#38, which was illustrated cover-to-cover by Severin and, as I was much later to find out, edited by him as well. I directed particular scrutiny to that issue because it was the first non-*Mad *EC I had seen. I was skeptical that another comic could measure up to* Mad, *but after reading that issue I felt that it was indeed as completely successful in the field of adventure as* Mad *was in the field of humor.*

To begin with, the cover--described below by Severin as one of his favorites -- stood apart from the others in that stack of mostly mediocre 1950s comics. In terms of its design, its illustrative detail, its sense of real adventure and drama, it just seemed too good for comics.

On opening the book, I was immediately plunged into the undercurrent of adventurous excitement that runs through all of Severin's work. The adventure flashes in the eyes of his characters, which lurk in zipatone shadows cast by wide hat brims. The excitement is there in their body movements; a foot raised to kick down a door, an arm raised to point out the enemy.

His storytelling style is more in the tradition of Rider Haggard than Doc Savage; understated, yet solid, storytelling. And for this reason it wears better; it doesn't cloy. Even when he handles an outrageous situation, such as a man flying through the air, in the first story of that Two-Fisted Tales, *"Lost City," Severin's treatment is such that a sequence with potential for absurdity becomes a realistic exploit.*

Although interested in "the far away and the long ago," Severin's stories do not belong to the genre that the phrase has come to be associated with. This is because he knows that "the faw away" must become close-up, and "the long ago" must become immediate. He accomplishes the first through his meticulous attention to detail, and the second through his flawless sense of comics storytelling.

That issue of Two-Fisted Tales *dovetailed with the mental image I'd had of EC: a small company struggling to produce quality material in a sea of schlock. Later I discovered that Severin's three issues of* Two-Fisted Tales *were not typical of EC at all, being at once less garish than Al Feldstein's horror titles and more straight adventure - fiction oriented than Harvey Kurtzman's history - saga styled war comics. They were, instead, some of the purest examples of John Severin's remarkable comic art.*

In the following interview, attention is focused on John Severin's drawing ability; his attention to detail; his interest in periods of history; his sense of naturalism; and his ability to tell a story. The sense of adventure and excitement that permeates his work isn't really discussed. But it's in his work, nevertheless.

-- John Benson

One thing that impresses me about your work is that you have a real feeling for and interest in the West. And I'm wondering where that came from.

Well, the interest started very early--probably with the first cowboy movie I ever saw. And I'm interested in Western music. Naturally, what followed was to find out more about the accouterments of Western life -- and then came the scenery and all. You just pick up photographs, Western artwork, and that's it.

Have you ever been out West?

Yes, but not for any great tours or anything, just passing through. And it looked just like the pictures. *(Laughs.)*

There's a feeling of authenticity about so many of the stories you did about the West.

I try to be accurate about almost anything. So if it's authentic about the West, it's just because that's the way I work. Naturally there are certain limitations, such as your deadline and so forth. If I'm given enough time to look up my research, everything is fine.

Another limitation is how much I know and how far that research can take me. Right now I'm hung up on a period between 1875 and 1880, the British Army in India. I have the uniforms. I've just been trying to check out a few pieces of insignia that I might have to use. And if I get it wrong I'm in trouble with me if not with anybody else.

What will that be for?

For DC. Jerry DeFuccio wrote it. Are you familiar with his off-and-on Tubridy series? Sergeant Tubridy and the British Army in India? Every once in a while one of those things crop up, and this is one of them. He's set the beginning of the story in London, rather than in India. And these two blokes the story's about, basically, are joining up with three different sergeants from three separate organizations -- the Royal Hussars, the Royal Artillery and the Infantry. And these son of a guns are in dress uniforms -- since they're in the barracks, they're not sitting around in their fatigues. I can fake it, but sure as...I just can't put it down. It would come out wrong. I'd have to get very loose in my thinking in order to let it pass. But I'll get it. I got out a muster roll of The Company of Military Historians, which I'm a member of, and I'm checking on all the people who might possibly be interested in the Indian Army during the Afghan War. I'll check them out and see what they can do for me. This, in spite of the great researching Jerry did storywise. In fact, he's even dug up almost everything else I need artwise.

Another thing that impresses me about your work is the sense of period and place that you get. I don't think it's only due to accumulation of detail, although of course that's very important.

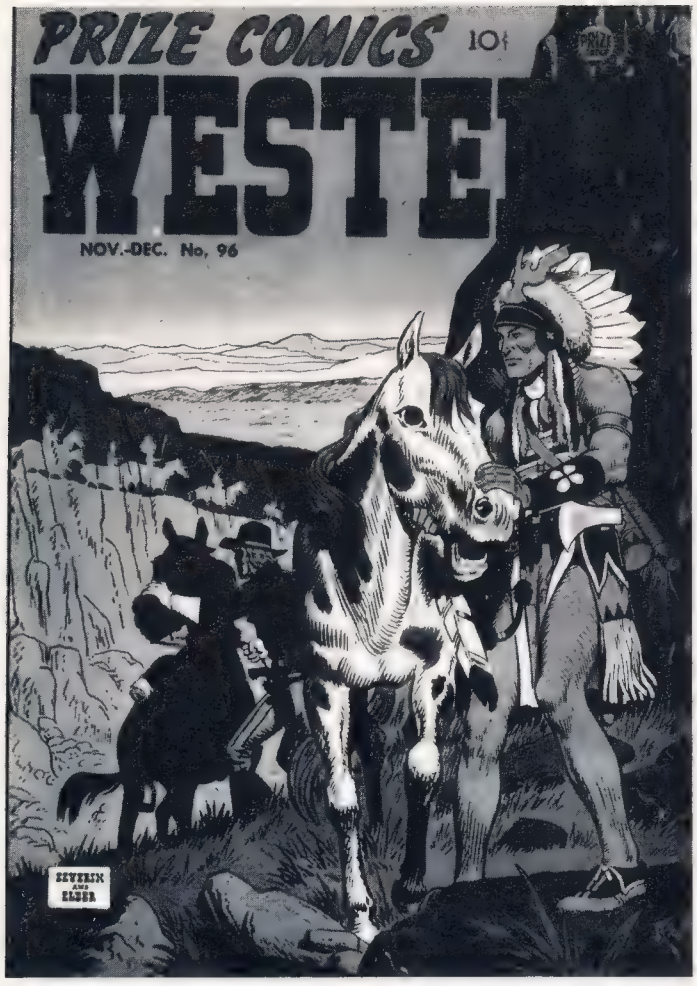
Oh yes, it is. It is.

It's probably the most important thing, but the characterization of the people that populate these periods is also very important.

It's because I can't draw a comic book person. I do another kind of human being. I don't know what to call it, but it isn't a comic book human being. I tried it a couple of times and it comes out real nothing. And it doesn't have those things you say my stuff does have.

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE INTERVIEW:

JOHN SEVERIN



Whether or not it has is not important. I can't do it that way. And I don't think anybody is dumb enough to do it the way I do it.

When you're doing a period story, you use characters which only existed then. In doing a turn-of-the-century story, it's a certain facial structure even, which seems to relate to that period.

The times we live in have a tendency to change our appearances. The clothing, posture, hairstyles and things make for a variety of outward changes which fit a character more to one period in history than to another. For example, the boys who were photographed in the Civil War look and feel quite different from the GIs of World War Two. Some of it is due to the more rapid camera lens and film stock, but most of it is the attitudes of the men.

So it's again part of that accumulation of details. I think it's that at this time the sideburns were this length, and then beards were only this far, or nobody had beards, and guys did smoke cigars. It's a lot of little things like that. You give a narrower shoulder, a padded shoulder, and then before you know it, it's not just a period *in* time, it's of *that* period in time. And I think that's all there is to it. People haven't changed physically that much except maybe they're taller, but there were always tall people and there were always short people.

It seems that much of your material is about American history. And America. There's nothing more American than "The Million Year Picnic," for example.

What's that?

An EC Ray Bradbury science fiction story you did with Bill Elder.

Oh, yes. Elder worked with me on everything science fiction. But, offhand, I only remember one Bradbury story.

"King of the Grey Spaces?"

What? I did another one? Now that I think about it, I do remember "The Million Year Picnic." I think it was in *Astounding Science Fiction*. I read it. They're on Mars and this family is the only one left. No, the one I remember is where these two guys come out of a rocket ship and see this monstrous thing. *("Counter-Clockwise.")* It's the only one I remember.

I think I mentioned on the phone that you're interviewing a bad guy, because anything that happened last week seems like centuries ago. Lord, I don't remember any of those jobs. If I like the job I might remember it. But it has to be an outstanding story. Comics were never written well for any great length of time. I think the biggest period everyone knows, when there was any attempt at writing well, was the EC period. Both under Feldstein and Kurtzman.

Who are your favorite comics writers that you've worked with?

I don't even know who writes half the stories. Well, there are two guys, but they aren't essentially comic writers. I like to work with Jerry DeFuccio and I like to work with Colin Dawkins. They write *stories*.

But Dawkins and DeFuccio, especially Dawkins, must have written many comic stories.

No, Dawkins never wrote too many. And I collaborated on some of them with him.

How much over the years did you have a hand in the writing of your own material? There seems to be some unity to it.

It was an off and on thing, depending on the time I felt I could devote to it. There was the later *American Eagle*, when it started to get a little authenticity in the story line, when you got a feeling of realism in the story and when it

wasn't just tomahawks and cavalry sabers. It was about then I began taking a hand. I guess they got tired of listening to me complain about what I was getting. They just let it drop in my lap, and it was up to me to get the stories written and drawn on time. And the only thing they put their hand on was the covers. They would sort of tell me what they wanted. Or, if I offered suggestions, they might select something that I liked. But the storyline they left completely up to me. I don't even remember that they edited any of those stories after I got going on it.

A few of them I wrote myself. Some of them Dawkins and I wrote together, and you know if you've ever worked with anybody how hard it is to say who did what. However, mostly Dawkins did the writing. Sometimes I would come to him with an idea and he'd put it all together. Another time I'd come to him with an idea and we'd work on it, break it down, and then he'd write me and I wouldn't go near it. And that worked out best, actually, where we'd go together on ideas, bouncing things off each other until we got things slotted where they belonged--then he'd put it all together.

When you say "the later American Eagle," *do you mean when you started inking, or before that? Because I noticed a story about in the middle of the series with Dawkins' name on a crate in a corner.*

Even when Elder was working on it Dawkins came in. But, I just remember sticking "CD" on a horse's behind as a brand. He appreciates that, I'm sure! The best way to judge when I got control is when you started seeing those fillers being thrown in. A little before that, maybe, but about that time. You can tell in the story if you look at it closely.

Was your kid character Jim Horan in American Eagle *named after the critic-historian of early Western art, James Horan?*

No! Dawkins used the name of one of his brothers-in-law.

What has Dawkins done outside his collaboration with you?

This is just stuff he did on the side. He has no interest in comics whatsoever.

Does he write something else?

Not as a writer, per se. He *is* a writer -- it's why he's got the job he has. He's a vice-president at J. Walter Thompson, in charge of the Ford account.

I really liked the writing in the American Eagle *stories. They were quite a contrast to the Mexican guy you illustrated in the back of* Prize Western.

Oh, that dumb thing -- *The Lazo Kid.* You know what the first thing was that I did for them, not for the company, but for that book? *The Black Bull.*

I saw one of those that you did with Kurtzman.

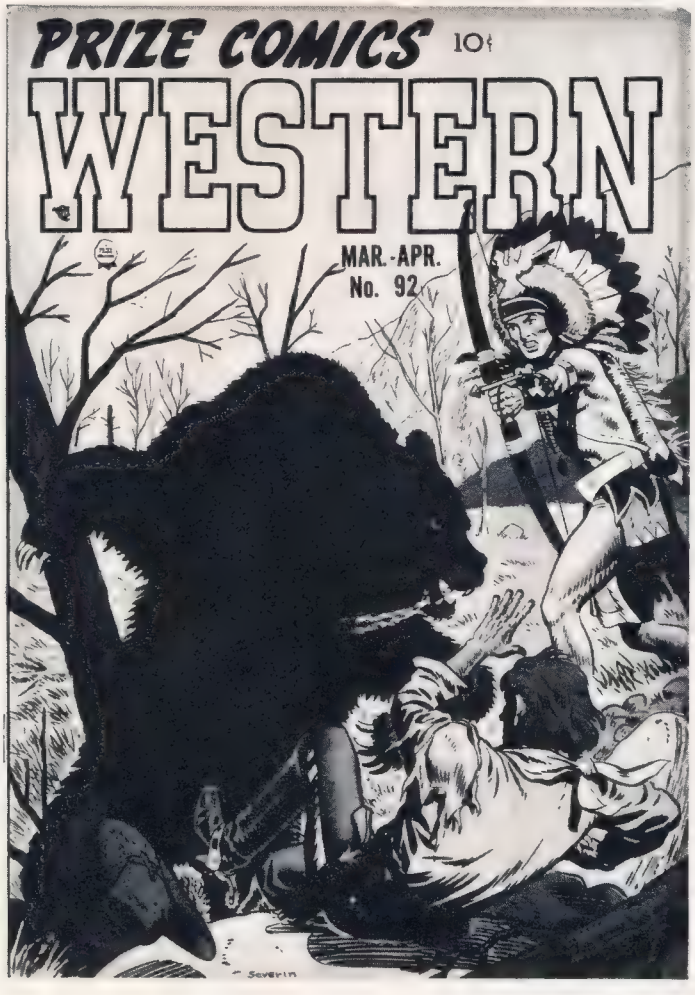
He did one job one time. Bill Elder went off somewhere, and I got Harvey to ink one job, and then Robert Q. Sale did another. Then Bill came back from wherever he went. I guess the cure took, I don't know. *(Laughs.)*

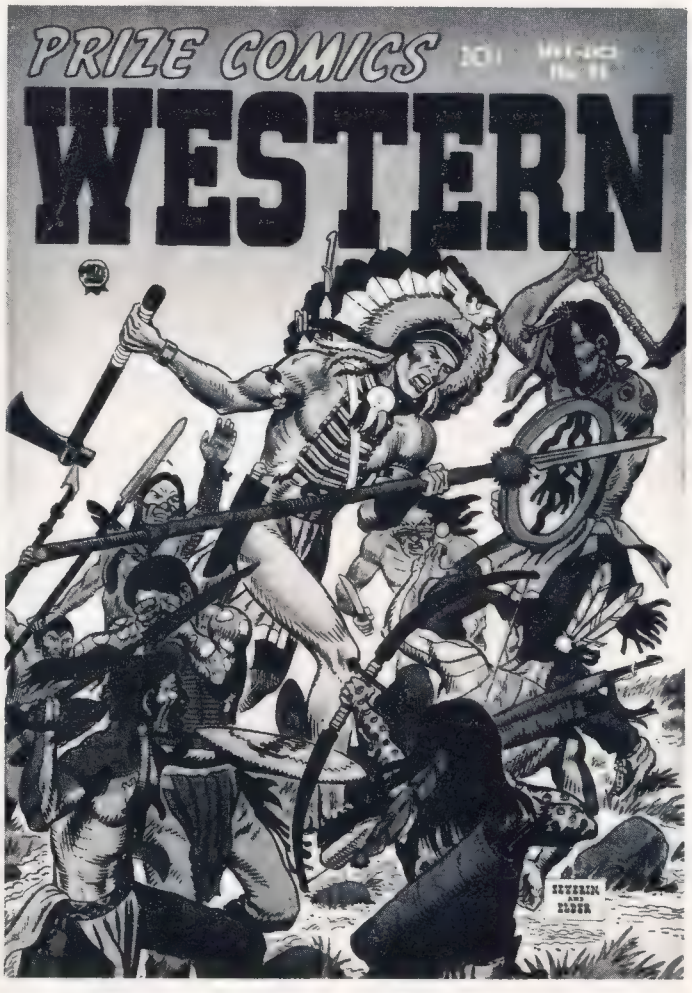
But the Black Bull's war cry, battle cry or what-have-you, was "Moo." "MOOOOOOO!" he would holler, instead of "Hi Yo Silver!" And instead of The William Tell Overture, I could just hear in the background "Won't you wait till the cows come home." "MOOOO." That was my first introduction to a comic character in any form. In a way he was like a mild superhero. It was the only time that I had anybody dressed in a leotard that didn't dance.

He had little horns, right?

He sure as hell did!

So DeFuccio and Dawkins are the only two writers whose comic





scripts you've illustrated that you've liked?

That's not completely true. Because you can't leave Kurtzman out. He writes a good story, too, but somehow I don't think of him in the line of just ordinary writers in comics. He's sort of set apart, like directing the magazine and all that. He's more of an editor-writer in my mind than just a writer. Just writers, I'll stick with the first two.

Then, if you throw in *Cracked*, I don't know the names of anyone who writes for them except the guys who write so regularly. And I don't see how you can include that kind of writing with comic writing. It's not. Then of course Stan Lee's scripts are always fun, and Roy Thomas does a great job for Marvel, too. Archie Goodwin is also a good writer. Although, as a matter of fact, I didn't do that many scripts of his that I would be able to place him properly. But I enjoyed his stuff.

One of my favorite stories of yours was a Goodwin script -- the Western in the snow, "Dark Rider."

A ghost rider type of thing? A couple of other people have mentioned that story to me favorably. I had a couple of other stories for Warren that I liked better than that, if I remember them correctly. They were war stories, one having to do with two guys in a house with a German soldier *("Enemy")*, and the other one...

"Souvenirs," about pulling dead men's teeth for gold?

Oh, the Jap thing, yes, that's the other one. Did he write that, or did I? Seriously, the reason I ask that question is because I had a guy in my outfit who used to do that.

Maybe you gave Goodwin the idea.

No, he wrote it, I know. It's just that my memory being such a crystal clear thing, I tied the story in with my experience just like that. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't know whether I wrote it or not unless I actually sat down and read it, and where're you going to get a copy of it?

I'd love to see some of my old jobs sometime. There was a guy who lived a block away, he was an accountant or something, and on the top shelf in his closet, right up to the ceiling, was a complete line of EC magazines. I said, "You save those?" He said, "Oh yeah, man." That was the craziest accountant I ever met. And now there are people around the countryside paying money for these old books. I wish I'd saved all those old copies.

The only ones I ever kept were the ones that had jobs of mine that I thought were particularly interesting for one reason or another. I have a few, but I couldn't even find them, they're in boxes. I'll have to will them to somebody -- they'll decay before they get opened. *(Laughs.)* That rotten paper they used doesn't last.

It's too bad we can't, in this country, put out a book like Rene Goscinny is putting out in France, *Pilote*. And that darn *Asterix*, great! Oh, the coloring in it, the cartooning! It's so different from what we do. It would be wonderful to turn out a book like that here. Apparently the big thing is the cost.

At last year's comic convention the oracles were saying that there will be new forms, all different sizes and shapes.

I don't really know what format comics will take, but it's a pity that it can't be something better than what it is. That's it. They've done it all, and now they're just going to rehash and rehash. There's the old argument -- there's a new batch of kids being born every day, and they all grow up and grab ahold

SEVERIN & KURTZMAN - LATE 1940s

The Stranger in BENTON BOWL
TROUBLE BREWED WHEN JIM BAXTER KNOCKED DOWN BULL WHALEN FOR INSULTING PRETTY IVY SLAUGHTER! BULL'S SIX SHOOTER CLEARED LEATHER AS THE INFURIATED BULLY HIT THE GROUND! THAT'S WHEN THE CROWD NOTICED...
NO JIM! HE HAS A GUN!
THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LITTLE POLITENESS!
DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN!
WHO'S THAT STRANGER BUTTIN' IN?
DAWKINS RE
JIM BAXTER WAS NOT LONG FROM THE EAST! HE DIDN'T CARRY A GUN BUT THAT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO A LOBO KILLER LIKE BULL WHALEN...
I'LL KILL YA FOR THAT, YOU FANCY-PANTS LAWYER... WHUP! YEOW! MY HAND!
HOLY COW! WHAT A DRAW!
WHAM
THE COLD EYED TRAIL-DUSTY STRANGER WITH LOW-SLUNG SIX-GUNS HAD STEPPED FROM THE CROWD IN THE NICK OF TIME! BLASTING THE GUN FROM BULL'S HAND, THE STRANGER TOOK CONTROL OF THE SITUATION...
ONLY A COYOTE WOULD SHOOT AN UNARMED MAN... AND I DON'T LIKE COYOTES! TAKE THIS!
OH JIM... HE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!
THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE, MISTER! MY NAME IS JIM BAXTER, IF I CAN EVER RETURN THE FAVOR, LET ME KNOW! OH... THIS IS MY FIANCEE, MISS IVY SLAUGHTER!
THEY CALL ME BLACK JACK!
SALOON
IVY SLAUGHTER? YOU MUST BE SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S YOUNG'UN! HOW IS YORE PAW THESE DAYS?
SHERIFF SLAUGHTER WAS MURDERED AND ROBBED ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO!
YOU KNEW DAD! OH, YOU MUST COME VISIT US AT THE RANCH!
I KNEW YORE PAW WELL, MISS IVY, ALTHOUGH IT'S BEEN A SPELL OF YEARS SINCE I'VE SEEN HIM! WHO... KILLED HIM?
WE DON'T KNOW, BUT A MAN NAMED CAT McCORD IS BEHIND MOST OF THE LAWLESSNESS IN THIS TOWN!
MEANWHILE BULL WHALEN REPORTED BACK TO HIS BOSS... THE MAN WHO PRACTICALLY RAN BENTON BOWL...
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY BEST MAN AND IN FRONT OF HALF OF BENTON BOWL YOU GET YOURSELF OUT-GUNNED AND KNOCKED SILLY!
AW BOSS! HE TOOK ME WHEN I WASN'T LOOKIN'! THEN HE BEAT ME WITH HIS GUN BUTT... I THINK!
GUN BUTT, NOTHIN'! HE HIT YUH ONCE WITH HIS FIST... KNOCKED YUH TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND!
ALL RIGHT FORGET IT! BOOGER! PETE! GO FIND THIS STRANGER! TELL HIM CAT McCORD WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO HIM!
BOOGER AND PETE EXPECTED TROUBLE WHEN THEY FOUND BLACK JACK! THEY WERE SURPRISED WHEN HE SEEMED EAGER TO ACCOMPANY THEM BACK TO McCORD'S OFFICE...
WELL, WELL, GLAD TO MEET YOU, STRANGER! THE BOYS HAVE BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOU! ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GET OUT AND LEAVE US ALONE!
HOWDY, McCORD, I HEAR YOU'RE THE BIG MAN IN THIS TOWN!
McCORD WAS IMPRESSED ENOUGH BY BLACK JACK TO OFFER HIM BULL'S JOB AS TOP GUN-HAND...
...SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, BLACK JACK! YOU COME WORK FOR ME.. OR YOU GET RUN OUT OF TOWN, TODAY!
I'LL WORK FOR YOU, McCORD ..BECAUSE I LIKE THE WAGES!
WHEN THEY HAD REACHED AN AGREEMENT... BLACK JACK GOT UP TO LEAVE McCORD'S OFFICE, BUT HALF WAY TO THE DOOR HE HEARD McCORD'S STARTLED YELL! IMPULSIVELY, HE SWUNG INTO ACTION...
LOOK OUT- THE WINDOW BEHIND YOU..
BLAM BLAM BLAM

of a comic as a brand new thing. But it *isn't*. Times keep changing. The business is going to kill itself unless it can move along and come up with something better.

You seem to have a special interest in Indians--in American Eagle, *in* Two-Fisted Tales. *I wonder how you developed that interest.*

I don't think you know, sometimes, how you develop an interest. I just started out early being interested in Indians. The fact that my father was a full-blooded chief had nothing whatsoever to do with it. *(Laughs.)*

Speaking of *Two-Fisted Tales,* in your interview with Kurtzman you asked about Black Jack Slaughter. John Slaughter is a real character that Dawkins always favored. We met a couple of relatives of his one time. He was sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona, after the Earps had left. And he was a son of a gun. Nice guy and all that, but -- a little old beard and mustache and pot-black eyes. So they called him Black Jack -- Black Jack Slaughter. The reason I mention it is, I didn't know Kurtzman had done anything on the Slaughter character. In fact, I learned quite a bit in that interview.

I think the early Slaughter stories he worked on that were mentioned must have been ones that you pencilled and Dawkins wrote, which could explain it. I'm interested in how The New Two-Fisted Tales *came about.*

Harvey used to take a lot of time writing the stories. He worked very hard on those things, polishing all the edges. And, son of a gun, he just couldn't make the deadlines getting scripts to the guys. Everybody was having trouble getting in scripts, and Bill Gaines was giving him a hard time. Plus the fact that *Frontline Combat* was slipping its gears, which I don't think had anything to do with Kurtzman's slowness on scripts. I just think there were two damn good books on the stands and one had a stronger title than the other. So, with all the stuff he was turning out, and wanting to concentrate heavier in another direction, he asked me if I would handle *Two-Fisted Tales.*

I didn't know whether I should do it or not. Then I decided, what the hell, maybe I could have some fun with it. I liked all kinds of adventure stories, and I wouldn't have to keep it a war book. I could flip around and do anything. Besides, wars are just jim-dandy on paper, but I didn't want to keep doing the same Korean War thing over and over. You get sick of it. And I wasn't about to continue the Civil War line. You know -- do all that work? Marone! Kurtzman would have been rich if he'd been paid for all that research. Anyhow, to make a long story short, I said "Yes."

However, Gaines said, "Well, if Severin takes over *Two-Fisted Tales* ..." You see, you knew at all times when you worked for Bill Gaines how many jobs you were going to get a month, because you were in this book, or that book, regularly. So he said, "If Severin takes over that, we'll put somebody else in his slot in *Mad*." And they asked me. "OK," I said. "Sure, *Mad* won't last another six months." *(Laughs.)* You've got to gamble, so I did and I contacted Dawkins and said, "Hey, you're going to help me write scripts."

We changed the format of the cover slightly. It looked all right. Some of the covers were fairly good. There were a couple that were good drawings but they weren't good covers. There was one, at least I liked it, of a bunch of Sikhs with rifles and a British officer with drawn Webley.

What about artists? Were there

THERE HAD BEEN NO ONE IN THE WINDOW! CAT McCORD HAD PUT BLACK JACK TO THE TEST, IN HIS OWN WAY...
AMIGO, YOU'RE GOOD... PLACING YOUR SHOTS THAT WAY, YOU COULDN'T MISS ANY ONE BEHIND THIS WINDOW... BOYS, COME IN AND MEET YOUR NEW TOP HAND!
LATER...
NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MISS IVY'S INVITATION BEFORE SHE LEARNS I'VE TIED UP WITH McCORD!
RESTAURA
HOWDY, M'AM! FIGGERED I'D TAKE YOU UP ON YORE INVITATION, MISS IVY!
WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU, MR. BLACK JACK! HAVE YOU MET OUR SHERIFF BEALLE?
YOU KNOW YOUNG FELLOW! I'D SWEAR I'D SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE!
IF THAT OLD GOAT REMEMBERS ME I'M SUNK!
COME ON INSIDE WHERE IT'S COOL, GENTS! I'LL SEE IF I CAN SCARE UP A COOLING DRINK!
SOMEHOW THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO THE LATE SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S MURDER AND ROBBERY! SHERIFF BEALLE CONTINUED TO BE MYSTIFIED OVER BLACK JACK, AND WHERE HE HAD SEEN HIM BEFORE...
...HE HAD BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK! THE MONEY FROM THE CATTLE AGENT WAS STOLEN! HIS SILVER MOUNTED KNIFE AND TOBACCO POUCH WERE GONE ALSO!
WE FOUND THE KNIFE A WEEK LATER IN A MAN'S BACK! IF YOU'RE RIDING BACK TO TOWN, YOUNG FELLOW, I'LL RIDE WITH YUH!
HUH? OH YEH.. SURE!
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME IVY SLAUGHTER SPOKE TO BLACK JACK! THE WORD SOON GOT AROUND THAT THE HAD HIRED HIS GUN OUT TO CAT McCORD! IVY, JIM, AND SHERIFF BEALLE BEGAN TO IGNORE HIM IN THE STREETS...
THERE'S THE FELLA WHO BEAT UP BULL WHALEN!
HUH! I HEAR HE'S A WORSE KILLER THAN WHALEN EVER THOUGHT OF BEING!
BLACK JACK STUCK CLOSE TO McCORD IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED! THE CAT WAS NEVER WITHOUT HIS SHADOW! BEFORE LONG, MEN LEARNED TO FEAR THIS QUIET THREATENING PRESENCE...
MY POT GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE!
BY GEORGE... AGAIN! McCORD, I THINK YOU'RE...
HOLD IT, CLEM! THERE'S THAT BLACK JACK!
3
BLACK JACK ONLY PLAYED CARDS WITH McCORD AND THE BOYS... NEVER DROPPING HIS CAUTIOUS AIR OF WATCHFUL WAITING...
SMOKE, BLACK JACK?
SMOKE CIGARETTES, CAT! ANYBODY HAVE ANY TOBACCO FOR MY PIPE?
I DON'T
I SAW A POUCH IN CAT'S DESK! I'LL GET IT FOR YUH!
A THRILL RAN DOWN BLACK JACK'S SPINE WHEN HE SAW THE TOBACCO POUCH BOOGER HANDED HIM...
THANKS, BOOGER! THANKS A LOT! McCORD, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS POUCH?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU? BOOGER, I'LL KILL YOU FOR GOING INTO MY DESK!
McCORD, THIS WAS SHERIFF SLAUGHTER'S TOBACCO POUCH! I'M ARRESTING YUH FOR MURDER!
YOU'RE WHAT? GUN THIS WADDIE... WHO'S HE THINK HE IS?
THE NAME IS SLAUGHTER! BLACK JACK SLAUGHTER! YOU KILLED MY DAD AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG FOR IT!
NOW DROP THOSE GUNS!
WOW! THAT DRAW WAS LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTENING!
YOU OUTDREW US BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST US! YOU'RE NOT THE LAW!
I'M A UNITED STATES MARSHALL, AMIGOS! I CAME DOWN HERE ESPECIALLY TO BREAK THIS GANG UP! YOU MADE YOUR SLIP WHEN I RECOGNIZED DAD'S TOBACCO POUCH!
NEWS OF McCORD'S ARREST SPREAD LIKE WILD FIRE! WHEN IVY HEARD THAT BLACK JACK WAS HER BROTHER WHO HAD LEFT HOME WHEN SHE WAS SO YOUNG SHE HARDLY REMEMBERED HIM, SHE HURRIED INTO TOWN WITH JIM...
YOUNG JACK SLAUGHTER! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN YOU BEFORE! TOO BAD YORE DAD COULDN'T LIVE TO SEE YOU FOLLING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!
HE KNEW, SHERIFF! I'VE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH HIM FOR YEARS... BUT I'VE BEEN ON AN UNDERCOVER JOB SINCE '79! I BEGGED THEM TO SEND ME ON THIS ASSIGNMENT ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW DAD WAS DEAD!
OH, JACK, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME HOME! YOU CAN STAY WITH US... AND GIVE ME AWAY WHEN JIM AND I ARE MARRIED!
I'LL BE PROUD TO, IVY! BUT YOU AND JIM WILL HAVE TO RUN THE RANCH ALONE FOR AWHILE! I STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO! I WANT TO CARRY ON DAD'S FIGHT TO BRING PEACE TO THIS TROUBLED COUNTRY! HE'D WANT THAT!
4

artists in the field that influenced you, or artists that you particularly liked?

No.

How about artists outside the field?

Yeah. Right off the bat I'll give you the first guy -- Roy Crane. He could do anything. Roy Crane did adventure with a beautiful combination of cartooning and storytelling -- every panel was an entertaining panel with something to look at. When you combine his storytelling ability, with or without balloons, with his action and those great panels, you can't fail.

But going back to guys inside the field, it was an interesting thing. People would say to me, "Here's this fellow here..." and I'm thinking of a half-dozen names at the moment and it doesn't matter which one you pick, they're all good men and they're still in the business, which is why I'm not mentioning their names. "See the way he did that?" "Gee, that's really great. I like it." "Do like that." What are they saying, "Do like that?" I don't draw that way.

If I had to pick the artists I like, it would be very difficult. The obvious ones come to the fore immediately: Infantino, Toth, Kubert, Williamson, Crandall, Kirby--although I can't stand Kirby's inking worth a damn because I feel that it doesn't do justice to his drawing. And when you get somebody else on his pencils, they *destroy* them. He might as well ink it himself. Forget it. The trouble is, they don't have anybody with enough imagination or sensitivity who can recognize the strength of these drawings. They're fantastic. And they come up and ink it with these beautiful whoopdedoo thick-and-thins all over the place and it's nothing, it's a total loss.

It seemed to be the ultimate of opposites when you worked on Kirby's layouts.

No problem at all. I don't know whether the job was considered good by anyone. I find it no problem to work with anybody's pencils, except once in a while it does get annoying when I've got to correct poor drawing. But that's just an annoyance.

I liked working on Kirby's pencils. But the final result was disturbing to me since I didn't feel I was doing Kirby justice. They were not good Severins and they were not good Kirbys. But they sure were a lot of fun to do.

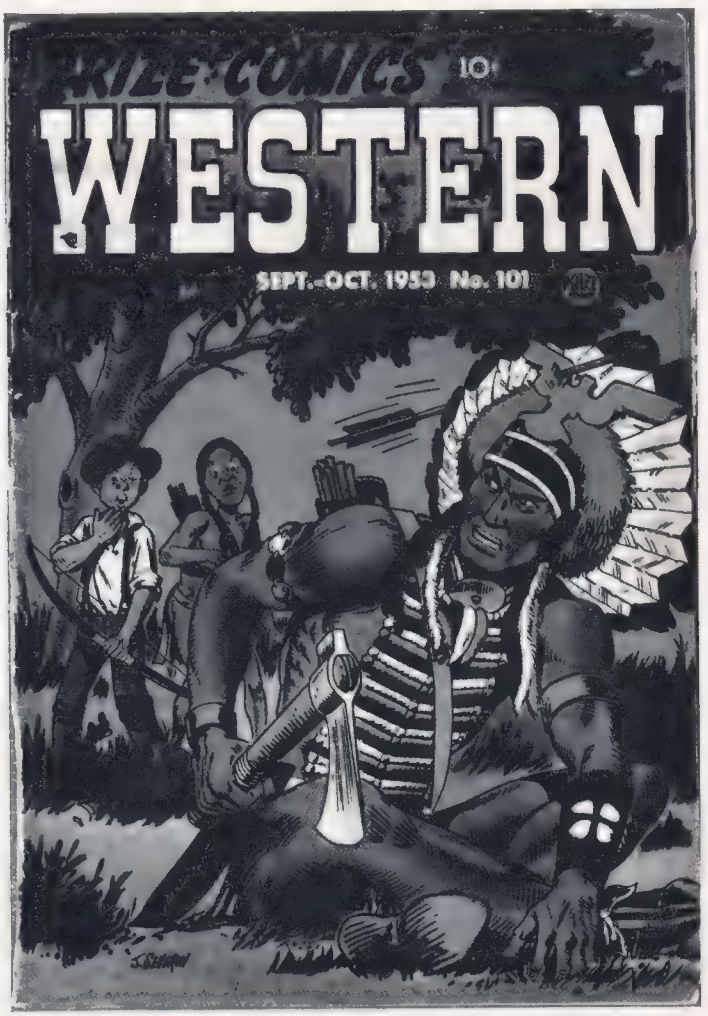
The master of understatement inking the master of exaggeration. Naturalism versus romanticism.

I see what you mean. You've an interesting way of putting it. I never heard myself being classed as an understater. That's curious. I like that. Nobody hit me when I brought the jobs in, so I guess they were all right.

How about the other direction that romanticism takes?

I think they make very good illustrations, very good pictures. But in admiring the doctor's manner, I don't have to like his medicine. I can't tiptoe through these giant forests of oak trees with my trusty thousand-shot ray gun bouncing on my hip next to my jockey shorts, with this half-naked dame in rags dashing along. Phew!

And this Al Williamson school, or Hogarth or Norman Lindsay influenced school, includes some of the most interesting artists. One guy--Roy Krenkel! He's a lot of fun. I liked him. I only met him about three times over at Williamson's house when we were relaxed, lazing around, and everybody opened up. He turned out to be a damned good illustrator. I thought the only thing



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
10¢
No. 4
APR.-MAY
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
H. Kurtzman
KILL ME? DON'T BE ABSURD!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE WANTS TO KILL ME?
YUCCA POOCA GULCH
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN— MELVIN
DID YUH GRAB IT, JESSE?
I GOT IT, ALL RIGHT! THE LATEST ISSUE OF MAD! THE LAST ONE ON THE RACK, TOO!
MAD
J. SEVERIN

he could draw was machines -- *unbelievable* machines. And cities. He was like a man who'd studied all his life for that one moment when Al would say, "Draw it, Roy," and he'd go to work. But since then, the few things I've seen, he's gone a long way. He isn't restricted to his machines and exotic cities any more.

The artists you mentioned as being your favorites, they are not the people who influenced you?

No, the artists inside the field didn't influence me, not consciously at any rate.

Outside the field I was already under influences before I even heard of comics. I really didn't read them, pay any attention to them, until one day, working in the studio, I turned to this guy. Ever hear of a fellow named Charlie Stern? He was the third member of a trio: Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder and Charlie Stern. They had this studio on Broadway, and to make a long story short, I ended up having space up there in the studio. And when Charlie left for France to study art, I bought in. But we didn't change the name, we kept it the Charles William Harvey studio. Before this happened, however, I said to Charlie, "What's Harvey doing over there?" And he says, "Drawing comics." I said, "Hey, that's great. How much do you get paid for doing a page of that?" And he told me. I said, "Gee, that's not bad. How many of them do you do a day?" And he told me. I said "Charlie, forget this business. How do you get into this comic book stuff." *(Laughs.)* That's it.

You mean that when you were in school with Kurtzman...

Kurtzman, Elder, Jaffee, Feldstein, Dawkins. Name somebody. Bess Meyerson. *(Laughs.)* The list goes on and on. What a mob that must have been.

Didn't they have some interest in comics when they were in school?

I have no idea. I never saw any comics in their hands that I remember, and *I* never bought any comics. There was one that I did buy as a kid, one time. It was a very poorly done western comic, but there was a page in there on saddles and I had to have it. And I think I still have the saddle somewhere. But that's it. I went in and out of the Army, everything. No comics. Until I saw that guy over there named Kurtzman and I found out how much he was getting, how many pages -- that started the whole thing.

What were your aims before you saw that?

Number one: not to get back in the Army. Two, go to Australia, possibly with DeFuccio, and set up a studio there, where we could do writing and art, whatever might happen to come along. I had no idea what might come along. It isn't like a guy who's gone to school to become a lawyer, graduated, passed his bar. You've got a pretty good idea what he's going to do. I transferred from St. John's Prep to the High School of Music and Art, and that's the extent of my training. At that time I really wasn't sure what I wanted to do. After the Army I started looking around for jobs and I bumped into Harvey and Bill, and I started working up there with them. We were all separate, but we would work together on different projects as they came in. I'd had jobs before that, but I figured it was nice having a studio. You didn't have to work. *(Laughs.)*

When was your first comic job?

I got my first job in November of 1947, from Simon and Kirby. I had only seen Harvey working on these things a couple of months prior to that.

Then you and Elder must have worked together from the first.

Yes, he inked the job that I got. I didn't get the job on my own--we got it together. We'd do sample pages, and he'd take a couple and I'd take a couple and we'd go to different companies and try to get jobs, and sometimes we overlapped. "Weren't you here yesterday? You were a lot shorter, though, weren't you?" Crazy. But it worked out, eventually.

Returning to the subject of influences, when you say you weren't strongly influenced by other comic artists...

No, not in the field. Outside the field there are so many artists that I appreciate, and I don't know how much I may have taken from them. For instance, I don't consider any of my work to even vaguely resemble that of Cruikshank, but I'm sure there are certain things he did that I've observed and may even have incorporated into my work. But I sure wouldn't put my work up next to his and say, "Hey, you see where he's influenced me?" But you know what I mean.

What about the Western artists -- Remington, for instance?

Dislike him. He and Schreyvogel are good, but Charley Russell, he's the one! When I was a kid I liked Will James, of course, but I never could understand why his people were cut off above the ankles. Did you ever notice Will James people? Just as normal as the devil, but man, were they shortlegged, or maybe just long waisted. Anyway, they gave me the itch.

There were some other Western artists, but I liked Russell the best because I was very much interested in pen and ink work, and my introduction to him was through his pen work.

Remington is stiff and posed to me. He has no atmosphere whatsoever. It's clinical. It might just as well be a photograph, except that with the exception of his color, a photograph has more life to it. His black and whites are just as cold as dead fish on the table. Devoid of all feeling. I've seen one picture of him that I can remember, standing straddle-legged, one hand in his pocket, pot-belly, suit, big mustache. He must have been a dead fish himself.

You would say, wouldn't you, that comics are a form that is distinct from illustration?

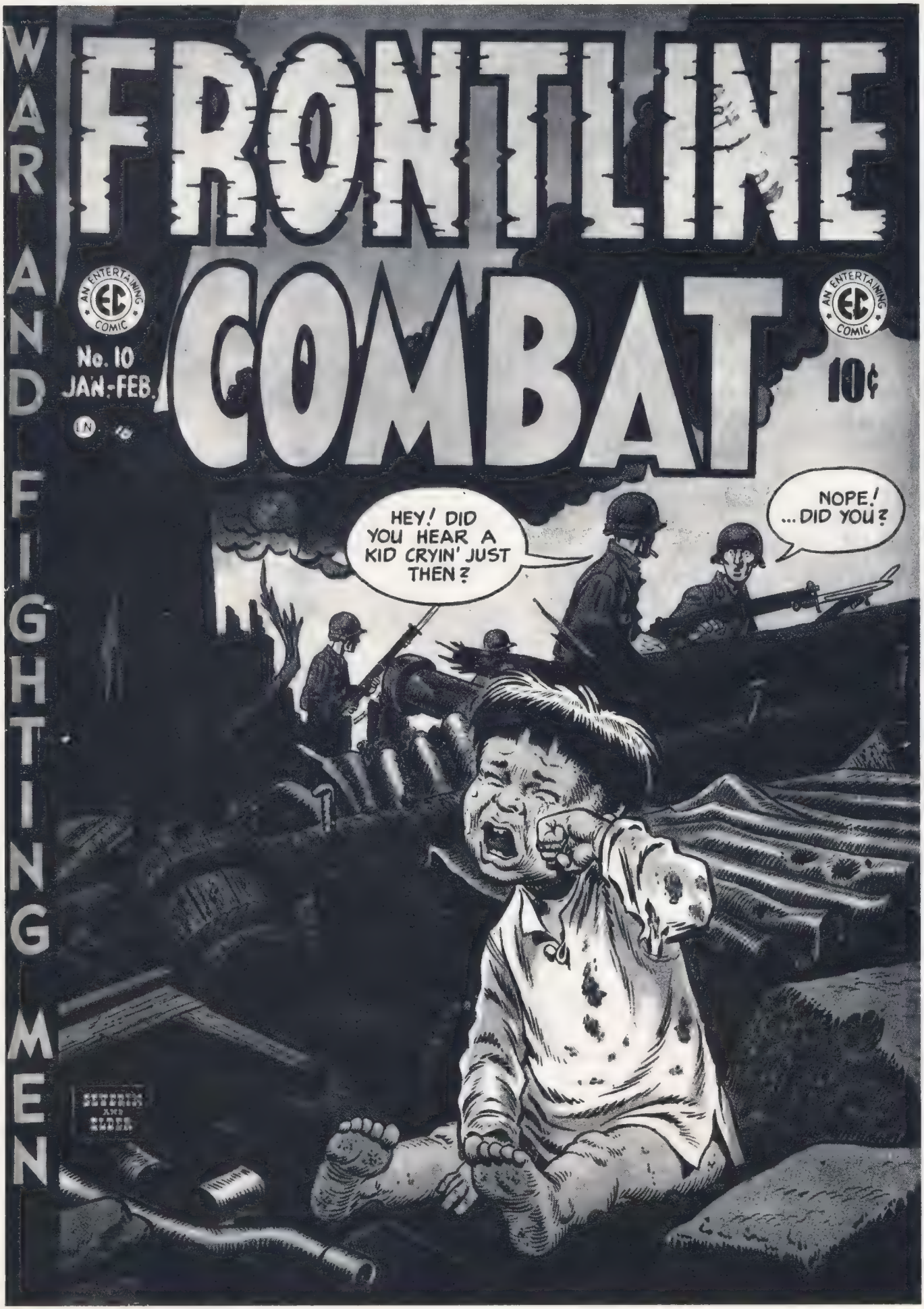
Yes, definitely. Oh, I know, each panel is an "illustration," but so is every drawing an illustration. A cartoon is an illustration.

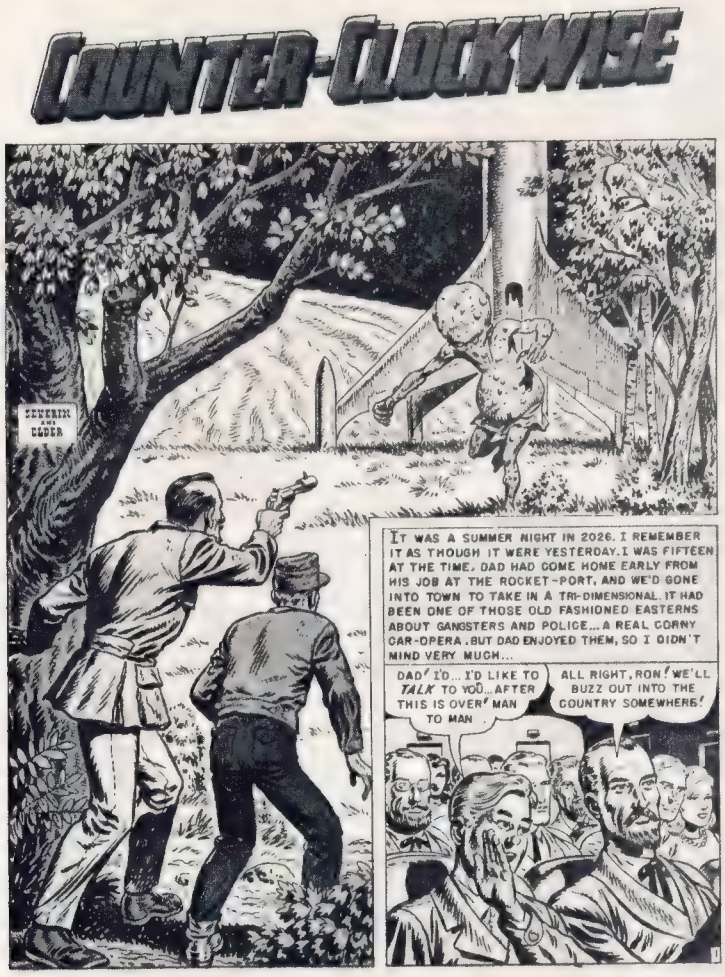
What are the essential ingredients that make comics a form in your opinion?

I think the first and most important thing is the series of still pictures that tell a story. In illustration, "One" does it. It's a moment. That one illustration is a much more complete and detailed job, but it is, after all, just one of the panels that the artist uses to illustrate a comic story. He has to do it over and over because he is telling a movie with still pictures that he has to draw by his own little hand. *(Laughs.)* Whereas the illustrator does it one time and can work up everything--color, black and white pattern, tones, the whole shooting match, and comes up, of course, with a much more impressive job. That one illustration might be a day's work for the guy, whereas the comics artist has done I don't know how many illustrations that day. As compositions, any one might, if he's a good comics illustrator, be equal to another, but you would never compare them because one so completely overrides the other in appearance.

But what's important about a comic isn't the individual illustration.

No, it's the way the thing flows. It has to flow. And that starts with the guy at the typewriter. If he's not "there," then it's very difficult for the artist to do anything. If you have a rotten story, all you can come up with, maybe, is good pictures, but they won't have good continuity. The writer has to tell a story that will flow. Then the artist has to be sensitive enough, or, if the directions are clear, he just might be smart enough to follow them. The writer and the artist have to compliment each other for the story to be good.


WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
No. 10
JAN.-FEB.
10¢
HEY! DID YOU HEAR A KID CRYIN' JUST THEN?
NOPE! ...DID YOU?


COUNTER-CLOCKWISE
IT WAS A SUMMER NIGHT IN 2026. I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY. I WAS FIFTEEN AT THE TIME, DAD HAD COME HOME EARLY FROM HIS JOB AT THE ROCKET-PORT, AND WE'D GONE INTO TOWN TO TAKE IN A TRI-DIMENSIONAL. IT HAD BEEN ONE OF THOSE OLD FASHIONED EASTERNS ABOUT GANGSTERS AND POLICE... A REAL CORNY OAR-OPERA. BUT DAD ENJOYED THEM, SO I DIDN'T MIND VERY MUCH...
DAD, I'D... I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU... AFTER THIS IS OVER, MAN TO MAN.
ALL RIGHT, RON! WE'LL BUZZ OUT INTO THE COUNTRY SOMEWHERE!
SEVERIN AND CEDER

THE MILLION YEAR PICNIC
SOMEHOW THE IDEA WAS BROUGHT UP BY MOM THAT PERHAPS THE WHOLE FAMILY WOULD ENJOY A FISHING TRIP. BUT THEY WEREN'T MOM'S WORDS; TIMOTHY KNEW THAT. THEY WERE DAD'S WORDS, AND MOM USED THEM FOR HIM, SOMEHOW. IMMEDIATELY, THERE WAS A TUMULT AND A SHOUTING, AND QUICK AS JETS, THE CAMP WAS TUCKED INTO CAPSULES AND CONTAINERS. MOM SLIPPED INTO TRAVELING JUMPERS AND BLOUSE, DAD STUFFED HIS PIPE... HIS EYES ON THE MARTIAN SKY, AND THE THREE BOYS PILED... YELLING... INTO THE MOTOR BOAT...
HURRAH!
A PICNIC-FISHING-TRIP!
CAREFUL, MIKE... ROBERT...
C'MON, TIMMY.
SEVERIN AND CEDER
ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
DAD PUSHED A STUD. THE MOTOR BOAT SENT A NUMMING SOUND UP INTO THE SKY. THE WATER SHOOK BACK AND THE BOAT NOSED AHEAD. TIMOTHY SAT BESIDE DAD, HIS SMALL FINGERS ON TOP OF DAD'S HAIRY ONES. DAD HAD A FUNNY LOOK IN HIS EYES AS THE BOAT WENT UP-CANAL... A LOOK THAT TIMOTHY COULDN'T FIGURE...
HOW FAR ARE WE GOING, DAD?
A MILLION YEARS.
GEE
YEAH...
MOTHER POINTED ONE SOFT-LONG ARM...
LOOK, CHILDREN! THERE'S A DEAD CITY.
WOW!
GOLLY!
THE DEAD CITY LAY DEAD FOR THEM AND THEM ALONE, DROWSING IN THE HOT SILENCE OF THE MARTIAN SUMMER. AND DAD LOOKED AS IF HE WAS PLEASED THAT IT WAS DEAD...

I've always liked your attention to facial expressions. It seems to me that to give depth to a story you have to have characterization, and the best way to present characterization is through the face.

When you were a kid, did you ever play that nonsense game of repeating a phrase with the emphasis on a different word each time? When the phrase is written down, it has no particular emphasis, so how do you put expression to it when you're reading it? Only through the picture -- or reading the story leading up to the picture -- do you know how the character is saying it. He's either screaming it, he has fear in his eyes, or whatever.

I've always been interested in people's faces. I've tried to study the types you see in various occupations or in the differences that show up with racial groups. Yes, I reckon the face is the best way to show character, but there's plenty of other things that go along with it. The hands, for example -- the way a man uses his hands shows how his mind is really working. You can control an expression on the face, but the hands give it away. Then there's the way a character is dressed or his way of posturing.

When you wrote stories, did you ever start by doing the visuals?

No, because the next time I see it, I see it differently. If I do pencils and turn them in and have them lettered, when I get them back I erase half the job because the whole thing's changed in my mind by then. It's a completely new set of pictures -- I've got another movie with the same script.

So I figure the best way is to get it lettered first, or better, if I can find someone dumb enough to take *my* lettering, put it in myself and then go directly to pencil and ink. I usually complete each panel before going to the next.

So when you wrote a story yourself, you'd actually write out the dialogue before starting to draw the story.

Yes. I might rough layout a page, and I'd just say, "Joe gets belted on the cheek here, Seymour gets shot there," and so on. Then filling in the script comes easy. But in your mind there are pictures. I don't know how you write if you don't draw. In fact, I don't know how you *can* write if you don't draw.

Does Dawkins draw, incidentally?

Yes. Yeah, he's a good egg. And DeFuccio draws, too.

It doesn't surprise me that you've had a hand in the scripts because your work shows a tremendous interest in storytelling. Where do your interests lie in the way of stories? What do you read -- what films do you like?

I like films. Mostly I like adventure -- straight entertainment stuff. I would like to make films, but I don't think I could. Unless I was a complete absolute dictator, it wouldn't work -- because I'll be damned if I'm going to work with somebody who could change my idea when I get on something as important as a film. Not that I wouldn't appreciate a good idea from the outside -- I would just have to have the last word. And that last word would take a heap of money.

As far as books go, I don't know what to tell you. Name something. I go in a lot for research stuff, finding out the origin of words, poetry, history. Stuff I can use, anthropology and archaeology. These days I don't have much time for reading, except for some theology at night.

But in the past, starting in the early days, it was Stevenson, Kipling, Doyle. The usual line of stuff. I went on to *The Knights of the Round Table*. And when you get to be about so high, you've got all the Tarzan books, J. Allen St. John illustrations all through, which get thrown away eventually or con-

tributed to the boys in the service. I was a boy in the service, why didn't they keep them for me?

I'm trying to think of things that might have influenced my story telling. I don't know if any of those things did, though. All they really did was conjure up all sorts of pictures in my head. When the book was illustrated, that was even better. It made the book twice as good because then you had something to tie onto. And since I drew... I think I must have been born reaching for a pencil, and I just never stopped. All I knew was, I was going to draw, and I did, wherever I was. Even so, the thought of actually being an artist remained a vaguery. Anyhow, I can't think of any books that would make me want to draw pictures.

It's more that, once discovering comics, you'd be interested in drawing pictures to tell a story.

No, as a matter of fact, when I first read comic strips -- as I said, I never read comic books -- I never wanted to do them. I just liked to read them. I can remember catching hold of one strip in the paper, a black and white Tarzan -- "Hey, this is good." And then it disappeared from the paper and I was very disappointed, and, by George, it started up in another paper on Sunday, in color. Marone! Right through the ceiling! But I never had any inclination to draw them. I just looked at them and thought they were great.

I never sat down and drew three pictures in a row. One, throw it away. Two, throw it away. Three... But not one, two, three that had anything to do with one another, never. Until there was this guy in the studio, sitting there drawing in his pad. "What are you doing there, Harvey?" That's it. Just a quick decision like that. And since then I haven't seriously, except once, or maybe twice, considered newspapers.

Aside from the financial aspects, do you think you would find newspapers as interesting as comic books?

If they kept bringing those $10,000 checks over every week, that would be the most interesting business I could imagine. Aesthetically? Well, I'm sure my soul would be tarnished, but, boy, let it. I'll go ahead and get tarnished. Seriously, newspaper work, just like comic book work, would be a means to an end. I'd prefer to have a strip, if I were to do one, that I'd enjoy. Or a comic book story that I'd enjoy. But if it's good and if it's going to make money, that's all it is. Comics to me is a job. I have an outside life!

Sometimes, when I go over to my studio in the morning, I go to the desk, "Oh gee, didn't I finish that yesterday?" I don't even remember what I was doing. When I'm home, that's dead. The studio could burn down and I wouldn't even know what was in there.

But the syndicate artwork is pretty bad. That's a general statement. There's a couple of guys in there that are damned good illustrators, and there's a couple of damned good cartoonists. But there are a lot of unimaginative people in charge of those syndicates.

What films do you like?

I don't go to the movies any more except on rare occasions. But in the past I liked dumb things like *Gunga Din*.

That's a dumb thing?

Yeah, very definitely. A wonderful, dumb thing. So many of the elite corps will tell you about Fellini's latest. I don't even know who the hell Fellini is.

George Stevens is better than Fellini. So's John Ford. Gunga Din *is great.*

OK, no contest. Don't let my terminology fool you. I loved that one -- and that run of the mill stuff, the good clean-cut exciting stuff where the guy kisses the horse at the end and the girl cries. That's all right with me.

AN INTIMATE & INFORMAL VIEW OF THE ENTERTAINING COMIC GROUP HARD AT WORK
THANK YOU FOR YOUR NOTE! IT'LL HELP US IN CHOOSING THE KIND OF STORIES YOU WANT US TO PUBLISH!
EC
OH! ISN'T THIS THRILLING! A REAL PORTRAIT OF ME!
AFTER ALL THE JOKES I'VE TOLD THESE GUYS, LOOK AT THE MODEL THEY GAVE ME!
JOE, QUICK! HE-L-LP! THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE ON THE END OF MY LINE!!
DUH!... HULLO, MR. WOODY!... I SURE HAVE... DUH!... WANTED TO MEET YOU DUH!... YOU SURE DRAW ME... DUH!..... DRAW ME.. DUH! DUH!.. NICE!
YES, SUH, WE HEAH YA TAWKIN'! YES SUH! WE ALL IS AWN TH' BAWL, SUH!
WOOD
WHY, IF THAT KNOT-HEAD WUZN'T WEARIN' A HELMIT I'D KNOCK HIM ONE ON TH' SIDE OF THAT BIG SHELL HE'S USING FOR A BRAIN CASE!
HEY, AL! WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS LAST BATCH OF LETTUCE?
W. Gaines
NOW I WANT YOU GUYS TO GET OUT THERE AND MAKE THEM STORIES REAL! REAL YA HEAR!
SEVERIN
ZZZZ HMPH! ZZZ!
JACK KAMEN
Ginger
H. Kurtzman
PAUL KAST
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO PAUL! THROW IT OUT! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE ROOM IN HERE!
ELDER
EEEK! OH! THAT WILL ELDER IS ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN ANYONE!
HE'S ALLUS IMAGININ' SUMTHIN'.... I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GETS THESE WEIRD IDEAS!
JOHN CRAIG
THIS IS A CALM DAY! YOU OUGHT TO SEE THEM WHEN THEY REALLY GET STARTED!
Joe Orlando
ELDSTEIN
MR. LEE
BUSINESS MGR.

Gunga Din and *The Plainsman* -- this is where I belong. Any John Wayne movie to me has it made already. Even the bad ones -- there must have been one! Bogart, too, oh yes!

You haven't done too much material that's Bogart oriented -- a few things for The New Two - Fisted Tales.

Hey, what did you think of John Craig's book, *Extra* -- do you remember that? Did you think that was interesting? It might even go today, the format and the idea of the thing. It's been done on tv a couple of times since then.

I liked your work in that book. I like Johnny Craig's work a lot. It doesn't attract the attention I think it deserves.

He's a good man, one of the best. I like his work, too, always did. Incidentally, he inked a page of heads for me for *American Eagle* once.

Why do you think the Severin and Elder team worked so well?

Because we both supplied what the other guy needed. He couldn't draw and I couldn't ink. *(Laughs.)* You can qualify that to a degree. Obviously he must have been able to draw and I could ink, but I couldn't ink for comics and he apparently couldn't draw for comics. Neither of us seemed to be having any luck at the time, so, somehow, it came about that, "Why don't you ink my pencils, maybe this will work out." And in a short time we got our first job from Simon and Kirby. I think Simon was against using us, but Kirby talked him into it.

I can't think of another pencil-inking team that worked together so long and so well as you and Elder.

Did we work together so long? Well, part of it might have been that we had a common background which possibly may have helped out friendship. And we both worked at the studio. It wasn't in our own homes under an outside environment. We were right there together for most of the time. Anyhow, I don't really remember, but I do think that towards the end he was inking at home and bringing it in. I believe he had moved out to New Brunswick, New Jersey, and couldn't get into the studio every day, so he was coming in like once a week or so.

Eventually, both of us were about set to go on our own, so we tried it. You know, a little here and a little there, and then, with both of us, it worked. It was a friendly sort of thing. We never broke, it's just that we stopped getting jobs together.

Elder kind of came into his own with Mad.

Yes, but even before that he had started with Feldstein.

How is it that you never did anything for Feldstein except for the four Severin & Elder science fiction stories?

I don't think Al Feldstein ever liked my art, to begin with. And also, don't forget what I told you about Gaines having his guys slotted into different positions. So I had little to do with Al's books. I was assigned to another spot.

He did call me after the Kefauver thing when the books and everything went up the creek, and Bill Gaines got him back to take over *Mad*. Al called me and said that all the *Mad* artists had left with Harvey and were working on other projects. I was the only comparatively loose *Mad* man, and would I like to go back on the magazine? But this was the one time I was working on staff for Timely, so I went to Stan Lee and he sympathized with me, but, mea culpa, mea culpa, unfortunately we can't have you working for the competition.

It seems that your arrangement with EC was different than the other regulars. I don't think the others did much outside work.

No, I worked for anybody and everybody, as long as it was clean. If I had room for my outside work, it didn't bother *me* any, and it didn't seem to bother anyone else. If Gaines wanted to hire me full time, that was OK.

But I couldn't do that either, come to think of it, because I didn't want to do those ghastly stories. I told Gaines that, and somebody said to me in Gaines' presence, "It's because you *can't* do them." So I went home, and I did a couple of drawings. I took a head and split it with an ax, and I had all the things dribbling out. And I had a guy drop an ax on his foot and cut it, through the shoe and all. I had all the bones and tendons exposed. Gaines said he threw up when he got the head in the mail. I said, "It serves you right. You said I couldn't do it." Hell, I got sick when I *drew* it. I just couldn't do that kind of stuff, with intestines running around the baseline and so forth. Boy, it chilled me, I don't know about the kids. I don't know who's crazy enough to read them, but it would have scared me off.

There was a reprint company that sold comics through John's Bargain Stores, and the covers of their Westerns were your art. Just to satisfy my curiosity, were those covers originals or reprints?

Originals. What an outfit! Sol Brodsky -- recently he's been up at Marvel, and now with Skywald -- is always coming up with something. He was the first editor of Bob Sproul's ***Cracked***. He bounces in with a series of covers for me now and then, and it offers me a nice little deal. A cover to me is a lot of fun, because it's a one-shot illustration. I don't have a whole lot of continuity to go through, I can do it right there.

There was one -- I'll never tell Sol -- their requirements were identical with a cover that I happened to have a color proof of. I said, "Gee, this would fit the thing exactly." *(Laughs.)* I made changes, of course, but if you put them side by side, you could see the one that I swiped from.

One of your own earlier covers?

It just happened to be lying around. I would not have done that ordinarily for a comic book, but they were putting out reprints anyhow. I did change it -- it had different colors, it was a different character and all -- but technically it was a swipe.

You didn't color those, did you?

No.

Have you ever colored your own jobs? For American Eagle, *perhaps?*

Yes, some of them. And some of the *Two-Fisted* stuff. I know I did some of the *New Two-Fisted,* as did my sister. And some other things. I even had the coloring set, so I had to have done some.

We've covered a lot of ground tonight.

It's struck me that this is unlike the other interviews I've done in that I've talked to the others before the interview. Except for Bernard Krigstein.

That one worked. It was a good interview.

What do you think of Krigstein's work?

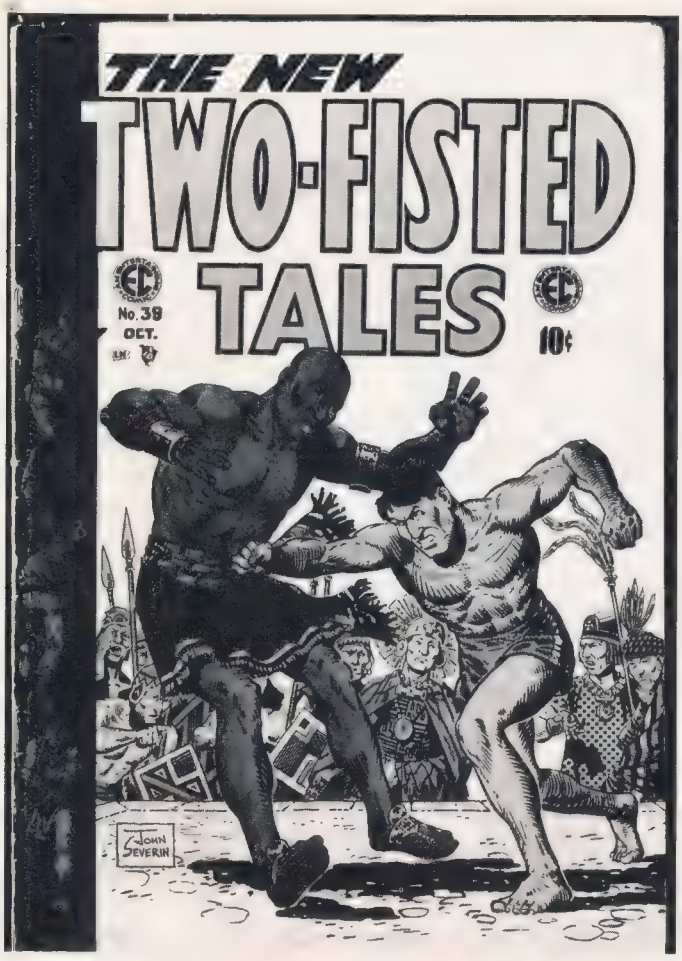
I don't like it. But it has a lot -- and I'm not trying to qualify the fact that I don't like it -- it has a lot of interesting qualities about it. And there have been times when I've seen individual illustrations he's done that were terrific in their concepts. As a matter of fact, I think he's another guy who doesn't really belong in comics any more than I think I do. I always felt his work was unreal.

Do you enjoy working for Cracked?

As a rule, yes. Naturally when I get a good job I enjoy it more.

Do you mean whether you enjoy the script? Or how much you enjoy the possibility the script gives you?

Yes goes in both cases. It's two different things, but, yes, in either case. Sometimes the idea of the script turns you on and you figure, "Hey, this would be great, we'd do a real good job on this." Or the guy writes it in such a way that it's very easy to illustrate. And so you work your way through and turn in a good job. The main


THE NEW
TWO-FISTED
TALES
EC
No. 38
OCT.
10¢
JOHN SEVERIN

ATLAS
SGT. BARNEY BARKER
SERGEANT
OCT.
BARNEY
BARKER
10¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
EVEN WITH BARKER WE WON THE WAR!
GILHOOLEY!! IS THAT THE WAY YOU DRESS FOR INSPECTION??
...YOU FORGOT YOUR GOOD-CONDUCT RIBBON!

FEELING LOW-NEED A LIFT?
READ
CRACKED
MAZAGINE
25¢
JUNE
SEVERIN

SPECIAL INSTANT HUMOR ISSUE
CRACKED
MAGAZINE
SEVERIN
FREE CUT-OUT BONES
see back

thing with me is getting the book to look good, no matter how. If I had to trace somebody's work, I would do it to make the book look good. Because as long as it sells, I'm going to be in business. And that's one reason why I don't care -- well, I *care*, very definitely -- but I mean, it won't matter so much how you pay me how the job comes out. I have no slots that I put them in. There's no $50 job, no $80 job, no $150 job. Once I sign up, I try to do all of them the best I can.

How did you come to ink the Marvel war books?

I don't know, Stan and I got together and he said, "How would you like to take this book?" It was *Sergeant Fury*. And I said, "Swell." And after about three or four issues he said, I forget what, it was some reason like, "Gee, Severin, you're rotten." So now Dick Ayres pencilled and I inked. It was as simple as that.

It wasn't really your idea to do just the inking?

No, but it suited me just as well because it cut out an awful lot of time.

I used to get kind of a kick out of the potentialities of *Sergeant Fury*. Of course, I couldn't understand why in the world he was off in the science-fiction-fantasy bit with *Shield* when I did that with Kirby. I just don't dig this superhero stuff at all. I never did. There's no such thing, and I can't get warmed up to it enough to put my heart into it.

Of your own work through the years, what is your favorite material?

The work I've done for EC, and for Warren. Plus the work I've done for Bob Sproul in *Cracked*. I guess I should say Major Publications, because I've done lots of different things for them like spot drawings for Westerns and Western cartoons, cartoons for the cartoon books and that sort of thing, which really isn't part of the comic business. *Cracked*, Warren and EC. And the main reason for that is simply that you have the most free expression with them, within limitations of course. With the exception of EC, I always had a place where I could edit. Even at Crestwood on *American Eagle*. At *Cracked* I can extend the story or shorten it. The other day I cut a story down. I condensed a three-pager into two and it looked better to me.

You cut out part of the script?

Yes, it didn't do anything. It was just repetitious. If the script repeats itself, that's bad enough, but now I'm going to have to draw a picture that's very similar to the other one. No, it wouldn't do -- I cut it to two pages. That sort of thing destroys the feel of the book if not the appearance of the book, and if you do this often enough, before you know it they won't come back.

If you had the choice and the freedom, what would you be doing?

What would I like to be doing? A million things. I'd like to be in the business of making little lead miniatures. I'd like to be in the business of producing really fine books. I don't mean writing them, I mean putting them physically together. Choose the binding, ahhhh, decorating, ahhhh--turning out something that you can't afford to buy, which would be a pointless business, but what fun. Or painting. Oh man, I think the most practical thing I could possibly come up with is being a field anthropologist.

You said that you never read other comics, is that right?

I don't read comics, no. I never did read them. They're dumb, for the most part.

I really don't mean that, fellows. Listen, if the editors get ahold of this transcript, you know I'm dead.

ON THE FIRING LINE ---
YOUR MOUTH IS DRY, YOUR PALMS ARE MOIST ON THE RIFLE STOCK... YOU'RE READY--- BUT YOU'RE STAKING YOUR LIFE! FROM VALLEY FORGE TO VIET-NAM, THIS IS THE HEART-POUNDING PLUNGE INTO WAR... AND WE'RE GIVING IT TO YOU! CAN YOU TAKE THE EXCITEMENT OF AUTHENTIC BATTLE ACTION WITH NO PUNCHES PULLED? THEN YOU BETTER DIG IN! THIS IS REAL! THIS IS THE WAY IT IS! THIS IS--
BLAZING COMBAT!

IT'S WEIRD WESTERN TIME IN THE EERIE CORRAL, FEAR FOLLOWERS... TAKE A WRITHING RIDE WITH ME ALONG THE TERROR TRAIL WHICH WE'LL BE SHARING WITH THE...
DARK RIDER!
DENVER! QUIT GAWKIN'! WE GOTTA MAKE IT THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS 'FORE THE SNOW GETS TOO HEAVY... YOU BEEN SKITTISH AS A COLT SINCE WE LEFT THE PROSPECTOR!
ALL DAY LONG I'VE HAD A FEELIN'... LIKE WE WAS BEIN' FOLLOWED...
SEVERIN
THE DAY HAD BEEN BORN DARK AND BLEAK, A CONSTANT TWILIGHT... NOW THE MOUNTAIN WIND ROSE, WHISTLING AND BITING AT THE BACKS OF THE THREE HORSEMEN CARRYING WITH IT THE FIRST FLAKES OF FALLING SNOW TO HAMPER AND OBSCURE VISION...
THERE! UP ON THE RIDGE... A RIDER!

What do you think of editors?

A necessary evil, a very necessary evil. And if he's good he can do wonders for you, the book and everything else.

Have you met many good ones?

Yes, but most of the editors in this business are really foremen, not editors.

Perhaps your comics are good because the interest you pour into them derives more from your interest in the historical periods than from an interest in other comics.

Naturally, anything you're interested in is bound to come out better. And thanks -- it's a great pleasure to hear you say that my comics are good for one reason or the other, no matter what the reason. Because I've always looked upon them as being a strange thing. Not too long ago somebody asked me for an interview and I said, "Send me the questions." And one of his questions was, who did I think had the most outstanding technique in the comics field. And I said, "*Me.*" Because I don't think that anybody else in the field is crazy enough to do it that way. It definitely isn't *comic* work. Why it's in there I don't know, but they must be hard up -- and I went on like that. But that's the way I feel, in spite of the fact that I gag it up. I think the way I got into it is a clue to the whole thing. I saw it happening and I said, "Gee, I think I can do that and make some money." And that's what happened.

There was something about American Eagle *that I liked a great deal -- the tremendous feel for the period and the characters.*

I didn't know that much of that stuff showed through, that looking back on it now you would see any of that in it. For the time it may have worked. It seemed to. But looking back on it now, I would say it's terribly corny.

You know, your heart says it would be nice to come back with *American Eagle*. It was such a nice thing, a warm feeling. At the time we had great plans for the book. We were going to do stories about the other characters in the series -- Buck Dolan, Kansas Hawk, the kids, and so forth. Eventually we planned to have the whole book devoted to stories about the *American Eagle* group of characters. And we had the stories planned way in advance.

But my head says, who the hell wants to go through all that work and research any more. I haven't the time to mess with it. I'd have to get some honorable citizen who would sit down and do that kind of work, that kind of script. That's bloody murder, working on all those details. You see, Dawkins knew all that stuff, too. So when we put our heads together, it was like one head with maybe two sets of equipment, and so we complimented one another. Then when he'd go off and write, you knew damn well what was going to happen. I gave some of those script ideas to different people at times to write, and I just threw them away. I said, "Forget it." I really shouldn't have, because they were perfectly good comic book scripts. Thank God those days are over with. I don't think I have to worry any more, though. They've got everything all cut up now -- a writer here, a letterer there, an inker here and a penciller there.

You can't have any kind of artistic endeavor without having some sort of...

Some sort of control, yes. And it'd have to be one person who does it. You can't have seven people coming up with a solid thought. That's why I think that I remember Warren, EC, *Cracked*, or even *American Eagle* the best.

This interview was recorded on July 21st, 1970. Text approved by John Severin.

John P. Severin

there's plenty to learn from the greats of the past. Caniff was a master of light and shadow, and Raymond could draw beautiful people and fantastic primordial jungles. But learning from your predecessors must never be confused with imitating them at the expense of your own development.

Gary Aspenberg
213 West 16th Street
New York, New York 10011

I just finished my first copy of GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE and was very surprised to find no graphic stories.

That aside, I love the premise behind this issue, #11 -- the extended biography. Much better than trying to mix interview and strips (unrelated, that is) in the same issue. The actuality was quite successful.

Except, the subject matter. Admittedly, at 25 I've never seen RED BARRY before, but on a personal level Gould is really irritating. Specifically insulting is his "booze it up, play golf, and then maybe spin off a couple of panels for the boss" philosphy. I'll admit that an artist's works should stand on their own merits. But here, you've chosen to go after the man, not the work.

It's probably the generation gap, but this "I'm no prude, but..." hypocrisy also turns me off, about the porno book of RED BARRY. After protesting this innocence, he then turns around in several places to tell about the mafia members he's met. Certainly part of the story, but there's a weird kind of vicarious thrill here, coupled with the "Gee, I could've touched 'im" or rather "touched his knife" remarks. Those instances, by the way, seem to be the only cases of touching, or bodily contact, that he chooses to mention.

At other times the nostalgia is pleasant, occasionally informative, often merely indulgent. The short end of the stick seems to be Gould's career after he quit drawing. Why didn't he ever go back?

In short, an excellent coverage of a shallow subject. I look forward to the Wolverton issues which seem to be more along my lines, at least.

One final suggestion. While I hope you keep the in-depth format, I'd hope you'll alternate interview issues with pure showcase issues of stories.

J. Randolph Cox
514½ West Third Street
Northfield, Minn. 55057

As a collector, student and teacher of the appreciation of the detective story, I am amazed that until now I had never heard of either Will Gould or RED BARRY. I am almost certain there must be some mention of him in one of my many books on comics, but it will be three weeks before I return to my apartment from my vacation to check. If there is mention I shall feel doubly chagrined.

I don't know whether I enjoyed the authentic glimpses into another era of newspaper publishing or the many excellent examples of Gould's work more. Certainly this issue will stand as a unique document. I do think I enjoy an in-depth look at one part of cartooning like this rather than the snippets of information, fascinating as they may be, often found in fanzines.

The editorial statement about the work of Gould and the RED BARRY strip being characteristic of the times is an accurate one. From the little I've seen, I think RED BARRY epitomizes a particular phase of the history of detective fiction better than any other single work -- with the possible exception of Dashiell Hammett. I hope some day to be able to see more and to include comments on it in the critical study of the genre on which I am working.

One thing I am curious about: just when did the RED BARRY strip begin and when did it end? And where may I turn in an attempt to locate runs of this strip for my collection of detective fiction? I teach a course in the appreciation of the detective story each year at St. Olaf College, and you can bet I shall make mention of Gould's work when we reach the Hammett era in class this next year. Are these "Six volumes of the strip, complete with biographical stuff (from Genoa, Italy)" available yet? Are they in English or Italian? Who is the publisher?

:: Most of the strips are in their original English versions, with an Italian translation appearing on quarter-page insert sheets facing each page of dailies. Books are about 11½ x 15½ in size, printed on slick paper, with 40 to 50 pages per volume. For information on ordering write to Nino Bernazzali, Viale Pineta 6, 16156 Genova (Pegli), Italy.

Jim Ivey
561 Obispo Avenue
Orlando, Florida 32807

Issue #11 devoted entirely to Will Gould was a delight to look at and read. One gets the feeling that Gould laid it on a bit thick, but who cares. What zip, zest and zowie!

Note one irony: the action in RED BARRY was in the dialog and the drawing technique -- even the balloons themselves. Physical action was almost completely absent! Among your illustrations of the mature strip, it's found only in one panel where Red is blackjacked--and by comic book standards, almost sedately.

I've followed GSM since the name-change and I think I understand your philosophy and goals--with which I agree essentially, though concrete, practical examples are yet to be seen.

One wonders: how does the Gould article fit in? Does RED BARRY meet GSM standards? It was drawn for a 1930s audience. Are Gould's innovations usable today? Terrific as the issue was, its purpose in GSM is left to the imagination.

Your choice of letters is always interesting, though new names among the writers would be welcome.

One sour note: Kyle's material is always highly readable, but please spare us any more about that super-stale subject, Fredric Wertham. Even another mention would be two too many.

My Cartoon Museum operated in '67 and '68, and proved too much of a drain of time, energy and money. The collection of original cartoons and volumes on the cartoon is still abuilding, and, if and when it re-opens, it'll be with the aid of an "angel" to take the details and financial problems off my shoulders.

Robert E. Butts
108 East Cottage Grove
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

GSM #11 was very interesting reading indeed. It was peculiar reading, too, in a way. Peculiar in the sense that before I read your inside front cover I had never heard of either Will Gould or RED BARRY. Which, I decided after reading your interview, was my misfortune.

I've been around comic books and the rest for a good long time, and I've been around people who've been around comic books--and their antecedents such as Will Gould--for longer than I've been around, period. And for that reason I couldn't shake the irritating impression that I should have heard of Will Gould, that I should have recognized his work. I couldn't shake the notion that I had drowned myself in the medium and hadn't really seen much -- like I had aimlessly squandered a great deal of time and effort. I was a stranger in territory that had long since become familiar and routine. And I didn't like it one bit.

It's a heavy-handed way to make a point, but the point, I feel, is heavy enough to warrant it: GSM, and the few others like it, has become, to this reader anyway, more than a faltering innovator in and pretentious servant of (cue the brass band and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

COMING SOON IN GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE NO. 14

THE SECOND VOLUME OF OUR BASIL WOLVERTON SET, FEATURING CARTOONS, STRIPS AND STORIES FROM THE EARLY 1950s TO THE PRESENT. THIS ISSUE INCLUDES THE SENSATIONAL ATOMIC WAR AFTERMATH FOLIO -- WOLVERTON'S APOCALYPTIC VISION OF THE NEAR FUTURE, COLLECTED HERE IN ITS ENTIRETY FOR THE FIRST TIME. SOME OF THE DRAWINGS HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED FOR ALMOST FIFTEEN YEARS -- NOW GATHERED AND PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM, A POWERFUL GRAPHIC STORY TOLD IN STARKLY VISUAL TERMS YOU WILL NEVER FORGET.

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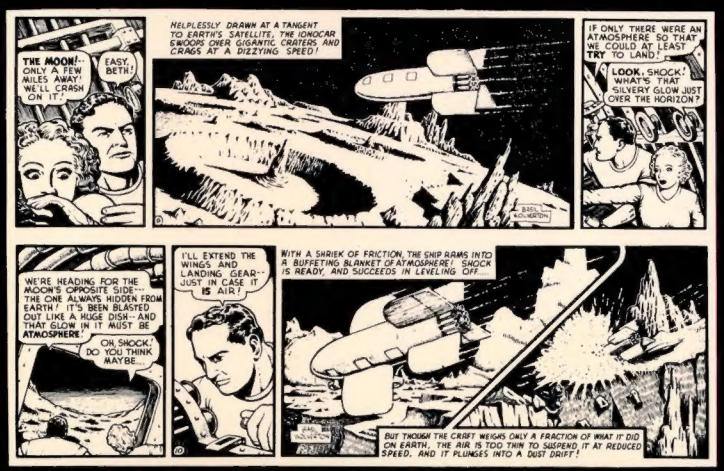
THE MOON! ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! WE'LL CRASH ON IT!
EASY, BETH!
HELPLESSLY DRAWN AT A TANGENT TO EARTH'S SATELLITE, THE IONOCAR SWOOPS OVER GIGANTIC CRATERS AND CRAGS AT A DIZZYING SPEED!
IF ONLY THERE WERE AN ATMOSPHERE SO THAT WE COULD AT LEAST TRY TO LAND!
LOOK, SHOCK! WHAT'S THAT SILVERY GLOW JUST OVER THE HORIZON?
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE MOON'S OPPOSITE SIDE--THE ONE ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM EARTH! IT'S BEEN BLASTED OUT LIKE A HUGE DISH--AND THAT GLOW IN IT MUST BE ATMOSPHERE!
OH, SHOCK! DO YOU THINK MAYBE...
I'LL EXTEND THE WINGS AND LANDING GEAR--JUST IN CASE IT IS AIR!
WITH A SHRIEK OF FRICTION, THE SHIP RAMS INTO A BUFFETING BLANKET OF ATMOSPHERE! SHOCK IS READY, AND SUCCEEDS IN LEVELING OFF.
BUT THOUGH THE CRAFT WEIGHS ONLY A FRACTION OF WHAT IT DID ON EARTH, THE AIR IS TOO THIN TO SUSPEND IT AT REDUCED SPEED. AND IT PLUNGES INTO A DUST DRIFT!

D. Bruce Berry-67